



JOHN BULL

Vol. XXIV. No. 393

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1923.

TWO PENCE

THE LARGEST NET SALES
OF ANY 2d WEEKLY
PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

**Moore's
MANNA
TALKS
Cigarettes**

Have the great goodness and the
flavour of a good Manna Cigar.

10 for 6d 20 for 1/-

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London, E.C.

*"A Royal
Roll"*
BY
**SYDNEY A.
MOSELEY**

...guard health with ENO

If petty ailments mar for you the sturdy robust health that should be the pride of every Englishman—try ENO.

For more than 50 years this famous saline has been the standard health-drink all over the world. Delicious to taste, refreshingly effervescent, really cooling to the blood, ENO purifies the system as nothing else can and prevents indigestion, biliousness, fatigue and headaches.

Just a dash of ENO in a glass of water first thing every morning—that's the pleasantest, gentlest, most effective way to real British health.

Get ENO to-day. Try it in the Handy Size—obtainable 1/6—from all Chemists and Drug Stores everywhere.

1/6

The Household Size—more suitable for family use—costs 2/6. Ask for the size best suited to your needs.



The Words "Fruit Salt" and ENO are the registered trade marks of J. C. ENO Ltd., London, S.E.14.

JOHN BULL
offers you a
**2/6 "Everpointed"
Pencil
Free!**



"JOHN BULL" fountain pens are distributed to every corner of the country. In order to introduce the new 2/6 "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Masterpiece Model Pen (complete with clip and fitted with solid 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety screw cap) we are offering a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! There is STILL TIME for you to take advantage of this splendid offer. Send for your Pen and Pencil TO-DAY.

**SEND
NO MONEY!**

Available for 10 days only. "JOHN BULL" PEN OFFER, Long Ago, London, W.A.S.
Send me your new model 2/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 2/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.
NAME
ADDRESS
State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, cross P.O. "A & Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."
J.B. 22.9.23. Date

**214 more benefits
paid this week**

STORM Up to £300.

2100 STANGROUND, near PETERBOROUGH.—Mrs. V. M. BAKER, 1, Mount Pleasant.
230 SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. F. ELLIS, 105, Guttergate Road, Darvall.
225 BIRMINGHAM.—W. YARDLEY, 72, Factory Road, Edco.
220 COLATON RALEIGH, near OTTERY ST. MARY.—H. WILSON, Stanford, Havantland.

Also the following:

SHEFFIELD.—W. CLARK, 25, Blackburn Lane, near Wincobank.
BIRMINGHAM.—W. TIBBLES, 227, New Town Row, Aston.
ARMSLEY, near BARNESLEY, YORKS.—W. HARDY, Tyne Hill Cottages.
SHEFFIELD.—A. CHENNECOCK, 179, Burngrove Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. B. BRAMMER, 9, Jericho Street.
WILLSBRIDGE, near BRISTOL.—Mrs. A. ELLIS, Tanyard.
MOORTHORPE, near PONTEFRAC, YORKS.—R. BOWEN, 5, Rossett Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—A. HARLOW, 176, Villa Street, Hockley.
BIRMINGHAM.—G. FRANCIS, 67, Holland Road, Aston.
BIRMINGHAM.—C. H. MYATT, 29, Nelson Street, Sand Pits.
BIRMINGHAM.—J. H. MADDER, 1, Middlemore Place, Wellaway Street, Hockley.
SUNDERBY.—Mrs. F. SAVAGE, 60, Chapel Street, Newhaven.
SHEFFIELD.—S. PETERS, 123, Road, Tyler Street, Brighams.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. L. MATTHEWS, 9, Middlemore Place, Wellaway Street, Hockley.
BIRMINGHAM.—H. MCGUFFIN, 216, Chester Street, Aston.
BIRMINGHAM.—W. A. BARNHAM, 110, Nicolson Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—H. SHIPMAN, 95, Erdington Hall Road, Erdington.
SHEFFIELD.—T. STANLEY, 10, Beatrice Place, Parkwood Springs.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. CLAYTON, 10, Spring Street, Normanston Springs, Woodhouse.

Sickness Benefits 25 5s.

towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Cholera, Cerebro-spinal Fever or "Spotted Fever" under Antisepsis.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. L. RICHARDS, 194, Kent Road, Cardiff.
CRUMLIN, MON.—Mr. W. JONES, 4, Owen Cottage, Hedydd.
OLD RASPOD, SOUTH.—Mrs. A. ANWALD, 14, Hedydd Street.
CINDERFORD, GLOS.—Mrs. M. M. SOUTHERN, Little Dean Hill.
SWANSEA.—Mr. G. JAMES, 60, Faraday Road, Clydach.
LEEDS.—Mrs. CHAMBERS, 2, Garlick Yard, Dewsbury Road.
ABINGDON, BERKS.—F. H. CHAMBERLAIN, 22, Edward Street.
ABERDARE.—Mrs. E. WATTS, 9, Mount Hill Street.
ABINGDON, BERKS.—S. JONES, Sutton Wick, Drayton.
HEATH.—J. L. T. RYTHOLDS, 85, Normandy Avenue, High Barnet.
KIRKCALDY.—W. GARDNER, 25, Buchanan Street.
ABERDARE, GLAM.—Mrs. F. DAVIES, 150, Commerce Place, Aberaman.
W. 14.—Mrs. M. BHAL, 20, Rayleigh Road.

The practical value of our insurance GET still further strengthened by the new and increased benefits, is again demonstrated this week by the long list of names published below. Owing to lack of space we can only publish a few. If you have not yet signed the forms, do so to-day.

**TOTAL
BENEFITS PAID
8505
FIRE
Up to £400.**

200 LEEDS.—Mr. W. CROSSLY, 1, Brighton Court, 10 Hill Street, Bank.
240 LANARKSHIRE.—J. PATERSON, The Palace, Hamilton.
225 CASTLEWELLAN, IRELAND.—Mr. J. QUINN, Bromaroad Hill.
225 NORMANDY, near GUILDFORD.—J. BOLTON, Firbright Road.

New and Increased Benefits

The new list of benefits which came into force on September 10, 1923, cancels and supersedes the previous schedule. The new list appeared in issues of JOHN BULL dated September 1, 8, 15. Present Registered Readers should cut it out and pin to their Registration Certificate. Registered readers automatically qualify for the new benefits and should not re-register.

FIRE (continued)

HULL.—Mrs. A. HENLEY, 10, Verandah Avenue, Scamptown Street.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. MITT, 44, Genna Park Road, Fovell.
PECKHAM, S.E.—Mrs. L. RAYFIELD, 26, Hoxley Road.
JARROW-IN-TYNE.—J. WALKER, 72, Ormside Street.
GREENOCK, SCOTLAND.—J. STEWART, 44, Wellington Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. C. BRAND, 52, George Street, Moss Side.
WALLSLEY-IN-TYNE.—W. SPOON, 11, Fourth Street.
PETERBORO.—F. DAVIS, Ross Valley.
BARRY, GLAM.—J. E. ROWLAND, 82, Cardin Road, Cardington.
BRISTON, S.W.6.—A. E. SEPTON EVERITT, 42, Corder Mansions.
EDINBURGH.—J. MACPHERSON, 7, Hill Place.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. N. GREGORY, 212, Heavygate Road, Walkley.
DONCASTER.—J. W. LAMM, 24, Stanley Gardens, New Village, Stainforth.

ESSEX.—Mrs. DUTCH, 41, Old Church Hill, Chelmsford.
MANCHESTER.—A. PATERSON, 4, Back Union Road, Bramley, Littleborough.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. A. PROCTOR, 2, South Street.
ST. HELENS, LANC.—Mrs. F. HUNT, 122, Eden Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. CAMPBELL, 124, Floridgy Street, Ardington.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. A. CLARK, 22, Greenock Road.
STOCKPORT.—Mrs. E. SHERRAN, 41, Short Street, Heston North.
LANARKSHIRE.—J. MORRIS, Campden, Longwood.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. J. L. THURMAN, 22, Keelman's Hospital, City Road.
FARNBORO.—G. W. COX, 112, East Road.
HILL END, N.—Mrs. LOWERY, 9, Forester Street.
BEDFORD.—Mrs. A. A. KNIGHT, 2, Beechdale Road, Bidden.
BATHGATE.—D. LAMMIE, Almond Lane.
BOLTON, LANC.—Mrs. M. HILTON, 20, Cross Street.
SOUTHAMPTON, HANTS.—Mrs. A. C. BARROW, 27, Mayham Road, Shirley.

Burst Hot Water Pipes.

GARNANT, CARMARTHENSHIRE.—G. LEWIS, Carraig, Steepway Road.
ABERDARE.—T. J. LLOYD, 40, Cardin Street.
KENNIG HILL, GLAM.—Mrs. S. DAVIS, "Bryn-Go-Garth," 1, Garth Street.

Accident Benefits £3 per week.

NRATH, GLAM.—Mrs. M. E. BROWN, 17, Gell Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. G. W. REAP, 2, St. Vincent Terrace, Sheafham East.
BRISTON.—H. A. BORN, 14, Upper Back Gardens.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. GAMMA, 8, Fretoria Mount, Hazy Road.
MANCHESTER.—C. RICHARDSON, 2, Redford Street, C. 20-21.
CRUMLIN, MON.—Mrs. M. FRICKER, 46, William Street.
CRUMLIN, MON.—Mrs. M. PHILLIPS, 1, William Street.
KIRKINTILLOCH, N.B.—R. W. STONE, 41, Loch Road.
HULL.—E. McDONALD, 7, Crowle Avenue, Wyke Street, Hedon Road.
HANWELL BROADWAY, W.—W. E. J. OLL, 144, Uxbridge Road.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. J. WILLIAMS, 40, Park Street, Bury.
SKELMERDALE, near ORMSKIRK.—Mrs. H. E. GIBBS, 28, Bury Street.
PAKE, SHEFFIELD.—Mr. G. A. PAGE, 224, South Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. N. MAUDE, 2/6, Lower Tower Street.
BELFAST.—Mrs. E. VOGAN, 52, Edinburgh Street, Laburn Road.
CHORLTON-ON-MEDLOCK, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. BUTLER, 23, Livingstone Street.
DEPTFORD, S.E.—Mrs. A. DIXON, 2, Cross Road Street.
NEW WORTLEY, LEEDS.—Mrs. A. DIXON, 57, Hall Lane.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. F. DENTON, 17, Blackburn Street.
NEW CROFTON near WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. J. DALEY, 12, Fifth Street.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Remotest in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

J.B. 22.9.23

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Ago, London, W.A.S. I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

J.B. 22.9.23

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address

Date

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary prices. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Watson's Warehouse, 40, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. — Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc. — H. Marks, 63, Newmarket Road, London, E.1.

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A FACTORY IN A KITCHEN.—New, fine, well-planned, home industry (patented). Stip. add. — England-Richards Co., 20, King's Lynn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 60 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban Series same price. — Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 100, Strand, London, W.C.2.

25 to 300 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Levine (Dept. J.B.), 142, Newmarket Road, London, E.1.

BUILD UP A Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme approved by authorities. — Write, Noble, 20, Finsbury Street, Nottingham.

ADVANTAGEOUS inserted in 60 London and provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (34 words) 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list. — Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

CHEAP Printing.—1000 Billheads, fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Menus, Business cards, etc. Stamp. free. — Crewey Press, 8, Buxton, Surrey.

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(Signed) A. A. HORNER, A.M.I.M.E.

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The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.



Following a Bad Example.

The military coup in Spain is the logical result of allowing Mussolini to defy the world. Unless this impossible Dictator is checked Europe will soon be ablaze once more.

Another Story.

When it was merely a matter of bullying Greece, France applauded Mussolini, but now that he menaces France's friends of the Little Entente, Poincaré is all for joint action with Britain. Circumstances alter cases.

All Bluff.

After Corfu—Fiume: but there will be no war. The decision to evacuate Corfu will be followed by another climb-down in face of France's changed attitude.

Unnecessary In Any Case.

According to a "semi-official" statement issued by the Foreign Office the "Geneva Academy" will still deal with the Greek appeal. If the Foreign Office were to stop issuing such silly tales and tackle its business on rational lines a lot of mischief might be avoided.

Make It a Real League.

The experience of the last few weeks makes it obvious that the present League must be scrapped and a new one built. And this time it must be a League of Peoples—not of politicians.

The Final Step.

The Irish Free State has been admitted to the League of Nations. It is a wise gesture by President Cosgrave that proves Ireland's sincerity in desiring to have done for ever with the tragic blunders of the past.

Arming the Little States.

The Skoda Works—one of Europe's greatest armament works—is busy preparing Middle Europe for war. There will be no real hope of peace until the manufacture of armaments by private individuals is forbidden. Here is something practical for the League of Nations to tackle.

Better Late Than Never.

As we suggested, Mr. Baldwin has arranged to meet M. Poincaré. The Premier must make it clear that Britain can neither afford to go on paying the world's debts nor stand idly by while France ruins our trade by her mistaken tactics.

Gratitude Overdue.

Lloyd George says the Allies would have been smashed in the first year of the War but for the British Navy. They would certainly have been smashed in the later ones but for British credit. It would become some of them better to remember this fact and pay their debts.

How It Works.

British engineers taking jobs in France find themselves working at low wages under bad conditions—doing jobs for British firms! It's as pretty a picture of the consequences of the reparations muddle as one could wish for!

No Further Need.

The Japanese earthquake has removed that country from the ranks of the Great Powers for a generation, and the only possible excuse for squandering millions at Singapore has vanished.

Neglecting Our Own.

The "Workers International Russian Relief" is appealing for funds in view of the coming winter. Sorry; but winter's coming in England too, and we have a vision of over two million starving British. Let the Soviet look after the Russians while we attend to the British.

Not Necessary.

The churches are demanding a public inquiry on unemployment. Piffle! It would only waste time that might be better employed in formulating practical schemes. The Government must give all its energies to the discovery of an effective plan.

Plenty of Work.

The Forestry Commission predict a timber famine in the near future. Here is an opportunity for the Government to provide work for thousands of men. And England needs nothing more at the present time than the development of her land in one way or another. Let us get back to the land!

The Difference.

Lord Robert Cecil says he is a convinced Zionist. He's entitled to his opinion, but as about forty million of his fellow-countrymen are not convinced Zionists the sooner British money is used for better purposes the sooner they'll be pleased.

Another Step Forward.

Sir Henry Dobbs has succeeded Sir Percy Cox as High Commissioner of Mesopotamia, and the gratuity of £5,000 given to the latter is a cheap price to pay for the relief of being free from his fantastic dreams of a permanent occupation.

Try It Here.

The Irish Elections have proved that Proportional Representation is smooth in its working and gives eminently satisfactory results. It must be applied here, and the anomaly of M.P.s being elected on minority votes abolished.

A Terrible Picture.

The Army Authorities state that during 1921, out of 106,071 men who offered themselves for enlistment 51,021 were rejected as physically unfit. It is a scathing indictment of the indifference to public health displayed by the responsible authorities.

His Heart's Desire!

Mr. Newbold, M.P., has been appointed honorary Chief of a Red Army Rifle Corps, and no doubt feels in consequence that the Revolution is just round the corner. It is—but going the other way.

Find Out the Truth.

The recurrence of smallpox has led to a fresh outcry for universal vaccination. It is time the Government set up a Royal Commission to establish the efficacy of this treatment or the reverse. It is the people's right to know the truth about it.

A Case for the "Axe."

In two years the central committee on Women's Training has had £100,000 from the Ministry of Labour for training domestic servants. We're still waiting for the servants. Why not close this comic department and save some money?

Horrible Sweating.

The Ministry of Labour has, for a long time, been "considering" the establishment of a Trade Board to prevent the literal slavery that is the rule in many teashops. We look to the Labour Party to kick these officials into real activity in the matter.

Parliament Must Act.

Everyone knows that winter is coming because prices are steadily rising. The Government has proved the existence of rings that control food prices. They must be made to bring in legislation to deal with such unconscionable profiteers—as they promised to do.

A Useful Check.

The Street Trading Bill is likely to prove a dangerous measure if it goes through. The hawk is a valuable check on profiteering retailers, and to license him is to put him at the mercy of those who wish to destroy him. There is no public demand for such a measure, and it must be scrapped.

Give Us Pure Food!

The Sanitary Inspectors' Association is right to protest against the growing practice of adulterating foods by the addition of preservatives. The Ministry of Health might usefully turn its attention to the matter. Food is dear enough in all conscience: we might at least be able to rely on its purity.

Trying It On.

Speculators in house property are trying all sorts of dodges to eject tenants. The Rent Acts cover these cases very completely, and if a few of the tricksters were made to state their case in the County Court this attempt to profiteer at the expense of tenants would soon cease.

Following Our Lead.

We have been busy for years exposing the bogus theatrical manager and demanding his extinction, and we are glad to see the Trades Union Movement attacking the evil. If as a result legislation follows we shall congratulate it all the more.

For the Bishop.

Clergymen are an easy first in the returned professions of men charged with annoying women in the West End. Perhaps when the Bishop is tired of watching Hyde Park he will look into this little matter? Something seems to be wrong somewhere.

JOHN BULL

Whitehall Worsted.

As a result of the protests in JOHN BULL, the Admiralty has abandoned its scheme for appropriating Holmbury Hill, the Surrey beauty spot. Such a dastardly act of vandalism had to be prevented at all costs. But how the Admiralty does love us!

In the Family.

It might be well if some inquisitive M.P., were to seek light regarding the number of relatives of men in Government departments who have been taken in through influence and are now returned as indispensable to the detriment of ex-Service men? Unless we are mistaken the number is too large.

Pulling the Wireless Wires.

Over a fortnight ago the Report of the Broadcasting Committee was placed in the hands of the Postmaster-General. And that's all. Perhaps the secret of the mystery of this hidden report is centred in the fact that one of its recommendations abolishes the royalty system, standardises the fee and makes the sale-price of sets much lower. Who is behind this hold-up?

Meanness.

The Ampthill Guardians were informed that an old age pensioner who wished to retain his allotment had had the supposed income from it estimated at 2s. a week, and this amount was deducted from his pension. We do not know who was actually responsible, but it seems to us almost as mean as pilfering a penny from a blind man's pannikin.

What's Sauce for the Goose—

Pleading economy as an excuse, Peterhead Town Council have reduced the wages of the Corporation employees. But when Councillor Christie moved that the Corporation officials' salaries should also be cut, the motion was unanimously rejected. So the poor beggars who can least afford it have to suffer, while the already well-paid officials go smilingly on their way. It's decidedly unfair to the ranks.

Ruined by "Justice."

Pensioner Arbour was starving with his wife when he found a job at cutting down timber. He also found an old blanket and a rusty bill-hook, which he took home. As a result he appeared in the Methwold police court and was awarded six weeks with hard labour, the addition of which means that he loses a pension of 8s. a week. With Kipling he may exclaim, "Lord God, I have paid in full!"

Little by Little.

After patient endurance of a long and bitter slump workers on the Clyde may take heart of grace that things are looking up a bit. The P. and O. have placed orders for two magnificent liners, and instructions from other firms, for vessels of both large and small tonnage, are on the way. Reconstruction is a slow process, but if certain notorious agitators are kept from hindering decent men whose only desire is to get along with it, prosperity is assured.

Not even a Tent.

An unemployed Durham miner, Robert Peel, unable to obtain a house to shelter his family, set up a tent in a garden at Trimdon, and it was their home. The conditions being such as were likely to injure the health of Peel's child, the Authorities interfered, and solved his acute problem by causing him to be fined £2. It's a grey world for Durham's houseless poor when the official brain gets to work.

A Squire's Shame.

It will be a long time before the rafters ring to the cry of "Three cheers for the Squire!" at Garthwin Hall, near Abergele. This landowner lives in a beautiful and historical mansion, and a large flock of sheep browse over his broad acres. Because he would not employ a shepherd to look after them many were found in agony, and the carcasses of others that had died were lying around. Lord Clwyd, the Chairman of the Abergele Bench, imposed a fine of £12. He might have found a more exemplary sentence for such disgraceful neglect.

Too Old at Twenty-nine.

Hearts are brave when the world goes right, but not when a man is out of a job for three full years and broken by sickness. Thomas Hughes aged 29, of Wrexham, lost hope as others have done and tried unsuccessfully to end his life. So great was his sorrow that he looked twice his age. Poor chap! It may be that his great trouble will turn out to be the foundations of a bridge that will carry him from sorrow to health and happiness.

There Must be an Inquiry!

We are glad to see that the Hammar-smith Board of Guardians are with us in our demand for a full inquiry into the alleged ill-treatment by Dr. Churchill, of the child who died at Banstead Hospital. Following the Metropolitan Asylum Board's refusal to investigate the case further, the Guardians are calling on the Minister of Health to take action. The public will not be satisfied until the truth is revealed.

Police Pensioners to Go.

We have so long protested against the pampering of police pensioners that it is gratifying to learn that the Parks Committee of the Leeds Corporation have decided to dispense with the services of such as park rangers, substituting for them unemployed men. The Committee at last realise that the workless are in greater need than retired policemen. Other Authorities please copy.

Disgrace of Bury.

Bury Corporation owed Harry Chadwick, of Paradise Street, and his partner, £18 for work they had done. Destitute, he applied for the money, but was callously told by the officials that the job was a contract and the money could not be paid until after the October meeting of the Town Council. Was it any wonder that Chadwick stole to feed his two starving children? The red tapeism which drives men to crime should make that October meeting a lively one.

An Underdog's Black List?

Boards of Guardians everywhere are being asked to give consideration to a resolution passed by the British Constitutional Labour Movement. The resolution, demands that the names of all those receiving Poor Law relief, together with the amounts received by them, shall be posted on a list outside relieving offices. For sheer lack of decency this resolution takes the biscuit, and we are glad the Marylebone Guardians have set a good example by declining even to discuss it.

Starving and Stealing.

When Arthur Warren was charged at Cardiff with bicycle stealing the Court Inspector disclosed the fact that the man's wife and three children were in pitiable distress when the offence was committed. When he visited them they had not tasted food for two days. The Bench humanly refrained from sending the despairing man to prison, but one wonders how they expect him to rake together the £2 fine they imposed, even in the month they allowed him to pay.

A Mother and Her Sons.

A tragedy of the Poor Law is revealed to us by Mrs. Gent, of Chelsea, whose three sons, now approaching manhood, have been in the care of the local Guardians. All her applications for information regarding their whereabouts and permission to communicate with them are firmly refused. She has not heard from her eldest boy, who is nearly nineteen, for over two years. Surely it was never the intention of the Poor Law to deprive a mother of the solace and comfort from her sons which she yearns for in the evening of her life.

A Kensington Scandal.

The Royal Borough of Kensington appears to be sadly deficient in the matter of main drainage. During the recent severe storm the lower rooms of many houses were flooded to a depth of three feet and their contents ruined by the foul deposit which remained after the water had subsided. Claims on the Council for compensation are met with the parrot cry of "Act of God." It would be the act of a sane municipality to provide work for the unemployed by constructing an adequate drainage system with all possible speed.

German Germs.

What are the authorities doing with regard to the microscopes accompanied by fifty varieties of disease germs that are being dumped into this country from Germany? Nobody but a German could conceive such an idea, and nobody but a British official would even allow it.

Canadian Callousness.

The sequel to the recent appeal for 10,000 harvesters for Canada, is that many of them are stranded in Ottawa as being unfit to undergo the very exacting work. Why were they not examined before leaving this country? The particular blunderbuss responsible for this crying scandal must be pulled well over the coals.

A Pensioner's Canadian Welcome.

Among the harvesters who recently sailed for Canada was R. E. Lomas, a North London ex-Service man, out of whose small pension the Ministry of Pensions advanced part of his passage money to the White Star Company. On arrival at Halifax he was certified unfit to land and ordered to be deported. After a week under lock and key he was escorted to Quebec and embarked for Liverpool. On reaching home he discovers that the Ministry of Pensions have decided to stop his pension.

We Think So Too.

Dr. Macnamara is all at once careful and troubled about many things, in particular the slow progress being made under the Empire Settlement Act of 1902. He is grieved that more money has not been spent, and that more men have not been assisted to homesteads overseas. He has suddenly discovered that among the 300,000 young fellows unemployed in this country there are many ex-Service men, and he thinks they deserve better from their country than they are getting. Dr. Macnamara is coming along!

A Way We Have!

An ex-leading stoker of the Navy claimed his rights from the Admiralty and was smiled at as an optimist. Nothing doing. He then thought of JOHN BULL, and addressed our Service Editor, who in very short time, considering the law's delays, obtained for him a cheque representing pay and allowances for 25 days' foreign service leave—£12 10s. 10d.—and an assurance that his application for further marriage allowance is receiving attention. In this way do we act for our friends.

Tryon's latest Try-on.

Sapper C. W. Gardner, of Tottenham, enlisted in 1915, was discharged some months later, and pluckily re-enlisted in the following year. In 1917, he was discharged and received pension until his death in 1923. His widow has now been informed that as her husband died more than seven years after his (first) discharge, the pension would be reduced by 6s. 8d., and as this reduction ought to have been made six months ago the "excess" paid—£7 13s., would be deducted. The Pensions Ministry are responsible for this sharp practice.

Unbelievable!

For heaven's sake let us amend the law that permits an Austrian and his wife to come to this country and live on the ratepayers. The couple were going to Canada, but at Hamburg they ran out of money, and an astute German official, discovering that the man's grandfather was an Englishman who left here in 1820, shipped them on to Grimsby where they are now comfortably installed in the Workhouse, neither of them being able to speak a word of English!

Dangerous Calling Uncontrolled.

It will come as news to most railway travellers that careful medical examination of engine drivers is in no way compulsory by law, but entirely at the discretion of the companies. Yet this was the fact elicited at the inquest when Frederick Harbour dropped dead on Victoria Station shortly after driving a fast train from Hastings. Harbour suffered from chronic heart disease and was liable to drop dead without warning. A disquieting reflection for those forced to use the railways. Directors who travel in their own cars by road will probably remain unaffected.

Palm Oil Phoebe.

The "Royal Society palmist" Augusta Phoebe Burton, of Bath, otherwise "Madame Destie," had to pay £4 4s. costs for stuffing silly heads with fortune-telling rubbish in a tent at Cowes. But no doubt she could well afford the sum from the fortune she makes telling other people theirs!

Another Recruit.

Mr. Sydney A. Moseley, the well-known author and newspaper correspondent, elsewhere, in his own vivid and brilliant style, deals with the latest Old Bailey sensation. He will continue to contribute to JOHN BULL articles based on material equally startling. Many readers will remember his outspoken book, "The Truth about the Dardanelles."

A Roadway Over Graves.

A reader who purchased a grave in a Sheffield cemetery some ten years ago and buried his wife and child therein was horrified to find on revisiting the spot recently that a roadway had been made, obliterating his and two other graves. The excuse is made that the owner of the grave had left the district and could not be traced. Surely some other means of access to the extension could have been found!

The Poverty Walk.

Having no money, Mrs. Mary Jane Foster, whose husband recently found work at Swansea after three years of unemployment, proposed to walk the whole distance of 251 miles from Hull with her four children to join him. A Hull magistrate who heard her story advanced the £6 necessary for their fares and saved his town from disgrace. Good luck to him.

Slayers of Souls.

When Liverpool's police have laid their hands on the opium traffickers who illicitly bring large quantities of the poisonous drug into the country, a step will have been taken towards closing dens in and about Chinatown that are a disgrace and a moral menace to Merseyside. In foul and secret places Asiatics, blacks, and to their disgrace, whites—women as well as men—associate. Scenes that sap souls and destroy decency in life justify drastic action.

Girls Drugged on "Snow."

The cocaine traffickers appear to go on their profitable way largely unchecked, in spite of the fact that an occasional one is caught. In sentencing a man named Cohen, the Recorder at Old Bailey stated that in spite of all efforts the habit of drug taking was eating the centre out of social life and destroying innumerable young lives. Cocaine traffickers make as much as £200 a week, and leave others—the people who smuggle around the small packages—to take the risk. Usually, the unseen agent is an alien. When will the authorities deal with these dangerous foreigners?

Girl Criminals.

It is a fact that most crimes by women are committed before the offender is thirty years of age. Also that every crime, without exception, is directly or indirectly traceable to sex trouble. Mr. John Stevenson, of Gray's Inn, has brought useful ideas to the front by a careful analysis of the Old Bailey crime calendar. In the investigator's opinion, if enlightened teaching was given to girls of tender years, crime amongst women would speedily be nil. Our opinion to a T. There must be straightforward speaking on sex hygiene, and it must begin in the elementary school.

A Dancer's Depravity.

Jack Fernandoy, described as a light comedian and dancer, a member of a concert party appearing at Llandaff Fields Pavilion, Cardiff, occupied lodgings where he slept in a room adjoining that occupied by two little girls. In the dead of the night this depraved human entered their room and committed an assault on a child of twelve. In fining him £10, the Cardiff Stipendiary said he had been guilty of "a very bad and dirty offence." That is putting it mildly. Such a beast should be flogged out of the town at the cart-tail, in the good old-fashioned way.

An Italian Deffler.

Young girls are in moral peril when prurient old rascals of the type of Marco Serette, of Jersey Street, Ancoats, have their liberty. His partly enclosed ice-cream establishment in Chapel Street, Salford, has been a place of infamy. Now it is closed, and Marco is in Strangeways, Manchester, and Salford will be safe only when he has been sent back to Italy. And this must be done.

The Devil is Good to his Own.

To fine Horace Hague £23 is not such a punishment as it appears. He is a rich merchant of Birmingham and London, and was so drunk while "driving" a car that he could only stagger along when he tried to walk. In this helpless condition he drove through thick traffic at Wythall, at fifty miles per hour, nearly smashed a side-car outfit, swerved into a horse and cart and finished up in a ditch. When dragged out he was still alive—unfortunately.

A Haymaking "Holiday Agency."

The Holiday Agency, 122, Charterhouse Chambers, London, E.C., evidently mean to make hay while the sun shines. Advertising "Why not go to the seaside? We find the money!" they induce inquirers to part with a preliminary fee of 4s. 6d. and then demand securities against a loan, although they distinctly state that they advance money on note of hand without sureties. From our investigations the concern appears to be nothing but a fee-snatching flat-trap which all would do well to avoid.

Problems of Life.

THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A CONSTITUENT of English character is the ability to endure unpleasant things without becoming excited and angry.

The possession of this quality distinguishes us rather sharply from some of our neighbours.

For months past no epithet has been strong enough to satisfy our French allies in their furious denunciations of us; Americans are never slow to point out our shortcomings with pungency and fervour; now the press of Italy is screaming insults at us for deprecating Signor Mussolini's blood and thence policy.

If we were to say about other nations one tenth of what they habitually say about us the results would be unimaginable: the habitable globe might fly in pieces. But happily the Englishman manages to keep his temper and his mental balance; he may grumble, but he does not foam at the mouth.

In private life it is the same: the Englishman is the most long-suffering being on the face of the earth. There is almost no limit to what he will stand if he cannot see his way clearly to change for the better.

It is this capacity for holding on quietly that enables him to outlast rivals and overcome obstacles that would daunt weaker natures. It is the power in reserve which, if anything can, will bring us safely through the present trying period, one of the severest in our long national history.

Patience can be acquired by those to whom it does not come naturally.

Many people learn it in the hard school of adversity who otherwise would never learn it at all. Youth finds it difficult: age makes it a refuge.

Conjoined to strength of purpose there are few tasks it cannot accomplish.

It is bad for the fatalist, but good for the optimist: a curse to the idle, a blessing to the hopeful and energetic.

Rightly used it is a precious possession, for he who has it commands his own soul.

Guileless Wigton.

"Fairy story" George Walby, the Wigton rogue, has been granted six months' board and lodgings, and again it shows that there is always a prison cell at the end of the lane a swindler travels. Walby's frauds on small struggling shopkeepers were cruel and impudent, and his "parting blessings" hypocritical. But how innocent Cumberland shopkeepers must be to have believed the yarns of one who was an absolute stranger. They need to stock common-sense.

A Directory for Beggars.

H. Grant, 113, Festing Grove, Southsea, displays an industry worthy of a better object. He has compiled a manuscript list of wealthy generous benefactors of charitable objects for private circulation, and offers to send 25,000 names for £26 5s. or a specimen 1,000 for £1 5s. He writes on his notepaper, "Twenty-second year of publication," so presumably for that period he has made a living by means of this extraordinary directory for begging-letter writers. It is a strange world.

Warned Off!

Two weeks ago our well-informed turf contributor referred to the running of White Bud in the Lincolnshire Handicap, declaring that the horse's sensational win at 66 to 1 was a foregone conclusion to a number of jockeys riding in the race who had their maximum bet on the outsider. Consequently the warning off of Mr. J. G. Dingley, White Bud's bookmaker-owner, and the withdrawal of the licence of L. Brown, the jockey, did not exactly occasion us a shock of surprise. If you see it is JOHN BULL —!

Fee-snatching Shylocks.

Arnott's, Limited, 119, Regent Street, London, W., who extensively advertise loans without sureties, must be added to our long list of fee-snatching Shylocks. A working man applied for £10 to be repaid £1 weekly, offering the whole of his furniture as security. Anticipating that the loan would be immediately completed he complied with their request for 10s., since when he has heard nothing, and is left minus his money and without the means of giving his wife the rest she needs.

Hanky-panky.

We should advise caution in dealing with the Gigantic Sales Corporation, of Lord Street, Liverpool, who are seeking branch managers in connection with a scheme for the purchase of 432,000 dozen handkerchiefs, to be sold at 6d. each with a free football competition coupon. The prize fund is stated to be £43,200, and it is suggested that this huge sum will be distributed before Christmas. Not only does the estimated amount of the prize fund appear to us to be tremendously inflated, but the whole scheme savours of hanky-panky.

No Limit.

F. McLean and J. Lee, who describe themselves as "The Acknowledged Leading Turf and Football Accountants," have offices at 51 and 52, Carey Street, Chancery Lane, but it is their clients rather than themselves who are likely to need the hospitality of the neighbouring Bankruptcy Court if they persist in their present methods. They acknowledge a reader's claim for 35s., but withhold payment until "after we have transacted a few weeks' satisfactory business," explaining that they find this necessary as so many new investors fail to remit losses but expect payment if they win. There is no limit to some bookies' cheek.

The Musical Ministry.

We have received a copy of the prospectus of the "Agricola Glee Society," the object of which is "to promote part-singing in the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries." We do not know whether bumper crops and catches are likely to be assured by the vocal efforts of Second Division Clerks, but we should like to ask the Minister of Agriculture whether he is aware that 200 copies of this document were typed by Government typists with Government machines on Government paper in Government time, and over sixty circulated in Government offices by Government messengers!

Hard Hands & Soft Heads

WE do not suppose that Scotland Yard will make a prompt and substantial offer for the whole-time services of Miss Julie Critten, of Sothoron Lodge, Clifton Crescent, Folkestone (London address: Rembrandt Hotel, S.W.7).

If what she says is true, and she says it in public lectures, with a silver collection—she had one at the Imperial Hotel, Hythe, the other day—Scotland Yard would save money by hiring her at once.

Scotland Yard exists to detect criminals. It does it only by old-fashioned methods. If it catches a man burgling a house it frequently suspects that he is a burglar. Miss Julie Critten has not to wait like that. She proposes to catch the burglar at birth.

Instead of vaccinating him, she looks at the little finger of the babe. If the little finger is crooked there is your embryo criminal.

It is a wonderful thing—the Science of the Hand—which Miss Critten expounds over the cheering influence of silver collections (consultations by appointment).

She tells her audiences that if the fingers open widely, the person is generous; if the fingers turn in, there is something to hide. Those with hard hands have set ideas, and are impervious to ideas.

A wide-open space between the first and second fingers shows independence of thought, between second and third, independence of character, between third and fourth, independence of means.

If the first and third fingers are the same length, their owner is meant to be a leader. If one has a square hand, one has no imagination, but its owner would be suitable for a business career.

This is the kind of trash Miss Critten pours out to the simple-minded who encumber her with silver collections. The hard hand impresses the soft head. If you have a hard hand you may be impervious to new ideas, or may become a multi-millionaire. Either alternative is yours—if you do not forget the silver collection.

Miss Critten can go on for ever with her knowledge of the hand. For instance, short nails indicate illness in the upper part of the body, long nails, something wrong lower down.

It is all very vague. If we could cut bits off some people's fingers, and add them to the fingers of others, we should be able to stop crime, and dispense with Scotland Yard. If, too, we could pass a law regulating the length of the nails, we could do away with disease.

Alas, we must wait for the Millennium and keep Scotland Yard and Harley Street. One thing we can do—save our silver collections from going to this apostle of nonsense.

Telling fortunes by palmistry is illegal. Talking nonsense about it is not. So Miss Critten goes on—thoroughly enjoying her great advantage and great discoveries.

Huge Building Society Ramp

STERN measures must at once be taken to protect the public against the housing sharks such as we expose here, who ruthlessly relieve homeless people of their savings.

WHEN will our legislators set about their real task of clearing the land of evil, and hunting out the hungry sharks and obese profiteers who live by plundering the public under the protection of the law of this country?

While the talking shop at Westminster echoes to the dreary drip of desultory declamation, the rogues laugh up their sleeves, and devote themselves to the easy and congenial task of finding further loopholes in our lax and impotent system of company law.

The history of the United National Friendly Assurance Collecting Society is a conspicuous example of how easy and how safe it is to take other people's money in the most polite and ruthless and perfectly legal way.

It was founded in 1909, its chief business being the issue of endowment policies. In thirteen years it collected from the unsuspecting and trustful public well over £100,000. It spent over £80,000 of this money in management expenses, chiefly salaries and commission. Less than a third of the money was distributed in benefits.

Now the Society has practically no money, but there are thousands of people entitled to get from it the amounts due under the insurance policies for which they foolishly paid.

The money which was to meet these claims has, to all intents and purposes, gone, gone as completely as though it had been dropped in the sea.

Policy-holders are taking action against the Society to get their money. They thought it would be covered either by investments or by cash. They have been disillusioned. They cannot even distrain on the furniture at the head office at Manchester, because it doesn't belong to the Society.

There is some consolation: an

inquiry is now being held. It will be so interesting to know, after the money is gone, where it went, and why. The victimised policy-holders would much rather be told from whom they can hope to get it back. Nobody can tell them.

The Great House Purchase Ramp is another case in point. Here is an example of its working. Miss V. R. Wellard, of 81, Coopers Road, Northfleet, about to be married to a gentleman who had served through the war, decided with her fiancé to purchase a small bungalow through the Industrial House Purchase Society Limited, 35, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C. (registered under the Friendly Societies Act, 15th August, 1922).

A local agent of this concern, a Mr. Miller, of 106, Dale Street, Chatham, interviewed the young couple, and it was arranged that the Society should purchase a plot of land and begin building as soon as the necessary deposit was paid. A week later, on April 9, 1923, the sum of £166, a deposit on a £500 bungalow, was paid over to a Mr. Caudle, the manager of the society.

The young couple went home to plan out their future residence, to settle all the urgent domestic details of furnishing and home-building, and looked forward with natural joy to having a roof of their own. It was worth while, on so alluring a prospect, to put in a hard-won war gratuity, and the hard-earned savings of the interval.

These young people have not got their bungalow. They have not even got their plot of ground. They have not got their money back. They cannot get it.

The fiancé 'phoned the London office time after time in a vain effort to get in touch with Mr. Caudle. He was always out—in Gloucester, or somewhere else.

They came up to town and went in search of the Industrial House Purchase Society, Limited, at its headquarters and registered offices. They found it was one room on the first floor, and that room was locked.

They have made frantic efforts to get their money back. They went to the agent, who mournfully complained that he had had no wages for some time, and that he "had thrown his hand in." These young people had apparently also thrown their money in or, rather, thrown it away.

To-day the office at 35, Surrey Street is still locked, and still deserted. There is nobody there. The books have been taken away, and the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies informs our Commissioner that he is holding an inquiry into the affairs of the society.

We respectfully suggest to him that the first thing he ought to investigate is whether or not this society was solvent in April of this year when it took from this unhappy young couple the savings on which they proposed to build their future home, and to rear their future happiness. If he finds that it was not solvent we make a further suggestion to him, and that is that he should communicate the facts to the Department of the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Messrs. Wamaley and Stansbury, Solicitors, of 6, New Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., are acting on behalf of a number of other people who have had the misfortune to entrust their money to this ill-starred concern. They informed our Commissioner in an interview that they are doing the best they can, but we fear that in the present state of the law there is not much to hope for in the way of protection against these bubble building societies which are springing up here, there and everywhere.

"Joy-Riding" to School

EXTRAORDINARY scenes which have recently been witnessed at Hawkwell, in Essex, must have recalled to residents many delightful old-time pictures of the return of children to school after the holidays, and caused them to rub their eyes in amazement and wonder whether the world had moved backward since "Tom Brown's Schooldays" was written.

Hawkwell is situated in the district known by the romantic and historical name of the Rochford Hundred, and its scholastic needs are administered by the Essex Education Committee.

For seventy-seven years Hawkwell has had a school in which children of all ages have studied. Two years ago the Committee decided to limit the instruction imparted there to children under nine years of age, those older being bidden to acquire learning elsewhere. That left nine little ones in the care of one teacher in the old school,

Now, however, there are twenty-two children between five and nine years old at Hawkwell requiring education. By some process of reasoning which only a Government Department can be expected to understand, the Committee a few months ago arrived at the conclusion that there was less need of educational facilities for twenty-two children than for nine and decided to close the school. The Board of Education at Whitehall, with characteristic lack of logic, approved the decision.

The extraordinary scenes alluded to have been occasioned by the Committee's grotesque ideas regarding alternative arrangements for the children's schooling. Parents were informed that the little ones could attend at Hockley or Rochford, both several miles away.

The parents were up in arms against the suggestion, which, if carried out, would mean that their children,

some little more than babies, would have to travel long distances in all weathers and of necessity go without a hot mid-day meal. Their anxiety was not much alleviated by a notification that arrangements had been made to convey the Hawkwell children to Hockley, and that a vehicle would be at an appointed rendezvous on September 3.

On the appointed day the parents assembled at the rendezvous with the children. Their amazement may be imagined when the local coal cart came rumbling along. It had left the Hockley goods yard forty minutes earlier loaded with coal, and was in an indescribably grimy state. There was no covering, and no one to take care of the little ones except the driver.

Three children only travelled to school in this conveyance, and the mothers of the remainder are waiting to know what the Board of Education intend to do in the matter.

A Famous Actress Unmasked

WHEN a departing guest slanders her host she must not be surprised that she is not welcomed with open arms when she returns to raid his pockets.

MISS MARIE DRESSLER is a famous American actress. All over the Continent audiences crowd to see her, and to salute her with the frantic enthusiasm that her undoubted talents never fail to elicit.

Within the last few days Miss Marie Dressler has arrived in this country. We do not feel flattered by the honour which this distinguished lady proposes to pay us. We should be very much better pleased if Miss Dressler would content herself on the far side of the Atlantic.

To a notable American visiting this country courtesy demands that we should offer a hearty welcome and an expression of cordial goodwill. To Miss Marie Dressler we offer nothing of the kind. We do not want her here until she has apologised for what she has written about us.

Here is what she said about this country in a signed article in an American paper some time ago, after a play she had produced at the Aldwych Theatre which proved a miserable failure.

"There is no money in England, they produce nothing, they won't work. Why, if it were not for the real money that Americans and other foreigners leave each year in the hotels and shops of London, the Englishmen would be paying their 'bus fares with I.O.U.s. Yes, that is the kind of public I thought would support an American. How different in God's country!"

It is stated that negotiations are afoot to enable Miss Dressler to play in London shortly as a star artiste in a new revue, which is to be under the management of a leading West End producer, and in which that popular favourite, Miss Ethel Levey, is also to appear.

We do not know what salary Miss Dressler is to draw. We presume that it is at least enough to convince her that her impudent suggestion that there is no money in England was merely ill-mannered and offensive nonsense. We hope, also, that she will take the earliest opportunity to say so.

There are many people who, if they thought it worth while, might feel disposed to show some resentment at the courteous suggestion of this distinguished visitor, that Londoners would pay their 'bus fares with I.O.U.s if it were not for the dollars that Americans scatter with full hands in our hotels and shops.

They might say that if Britishers are at any time reduced to paying their 'bus fares with I.O.U.s it will be because, like an honourable nation, they are paying their debt to America—a debt incurred in the common defence of this country, America, and some others.

It will be interesting to see how many Englishmen will pay their 'bus fares, either with real or borrowed money, to see the lady who wrote of them that "any people who are so narrow, so prejudiced, jealous and vain in their own surroundings, show to me so clearly their lack of education that it is only a question of time when it will deteriorate so much that it will cease to be a nation."

It is true that there are some people in this country who want American money, and who think that they are entitled to it. They do not want it from the casual visitors to our hotels and shops, who get very good value for the money they spend. They want it from Miss Dressler herself!

In case she does not understand what we mean we will tell her plainly. When she came to this country she was not paid in I.O.U.s. She was paid in real money, British money, and was, on her own admission, then getting the largest salary ever paid to any artiste in Europe.

Festooned with British gold, the feted idol of a generous people, she started, in management for herself. She engaged distinguished British artistes. She undertook to pay them their salaries for a definite number of weeks. The play she produced, "Philopœna," was an abysmal fiasco. It ran only a few nights.

Then Miss Dressler shook the dust of London from her feet and returned to America to star with Charlie Chaplin in a film called "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

She left England without ceremony, and left a punctured romance here. She did not pay the artistes she employed all the money she had contracted to pay them. She left them sorrowing in the Strand. The poor old stage-doorkeeper showed her the last courtesy of farewell by permitting her to go without settling her account with him.

And this is the lady who went back to America to wallow in more gold, and, in a safe seclusion, to sneer at Englishmen who, except for American benevolence, would be reduced to paying, not their taxicabs with money, borrowed from the poor, but their 'bus fares with I.O.U.s.

If Marie Dressler really thinks that she will be treated here as a welcomed guest of honour, and cumbered with loyal and generous and devoted admiration, she is justified to her last ten or twenty thousand pounds in regarding us as a nation of fools.

Kidding Co-Optimists

OPTIMISM is a fine thing, especially if you can capitalise it as Mr. J. Francis, the manager of The Cinema Co-Optimists Association, 11 and 12, Gloucester House, Charing Cross Road, seeks to do. Mr. Francis is optimistic enough to imagine that he is going to extract more than £10,000 from the ranks of the cinema struck.

Anybody desiring to become a fully fledged "cine-co-op." must send along to him a postal order for 10s. 6d. This sum, his gaudy prospectus and leaflets explain, "is an annual subscription to be devoted wholly to the administration of the Association."

In addition to the entrance fee intending members must buy at least one £1 share in the £10,000 Production Guarantee Fund.

And what does the unfortunate optimist who has been fooled into parting with his thirty odd shillings get in return for this outlay. In the first place each member is promised an engagement in the films produced by the Association during the year. This on the face of it may sound satisfactory until one realises that the average cast of a cinema film is about a dozen players. A simple calculation will show what proportion of the optimistic subscribers to the Guarantee Fund are likely to get work through Mr. Francis' artful scheme. Even in what are known as crowd scenes, the members are not given a chance to receive any return for their subscriptions, for they are forced to sign a statement agreeing "to give their services in crowd scenes gratuitously."

Thus, in addition to paying for doubtful benefits, these optimists are expected to work for nothing.

There are other treats in store, however. The organisers, with boundless generosity, intend to set aside a royalty of 20 per cent. of the net profits on all films, and to distribute same pro rata among the subscribers to the fund.

This, of course, is a cunning inducement to get members to take up more than the minimum of one £1 share, on the basis of the bigger the holding in the concern the bigger the profits. But if there are any "net profits" surely the "co-optimists" who finance the productions are entitled to a distribution of 100 per cent.

There is no hope for the optimists once they have parted with their money. "Contributors to the Fund, no matter to what extent, cannot withdraw their holding," says Mr. Francis bluntly. His motto is, "What I get, I keep!"

The truth of the matter is that such a scheme as the Cinema Co-Optimists is doomed to failure from the start. There is no room on present-day screens for productions made by amateur artistes. The only real optimist will be Mr. Francis, and he will be delighted if he obtains 10,000 of the subscribers' money to play with!

Victims of a Quack Specialist

ARE the authorities powerless to deal with a man like David Williams, of Doncaster, whose fame as the "Cancer Cure King" has been noised abroad throughout the country, largely as the result of his own advertising? Williams was originally a farmer, and has gone through the bankruptcy court.

Subsequently he set up in business as a cancer specialist and conceived the idea of putting his "skill" up to auction, which is the effect of his method of circularising prospective patients or their friends, asking them to say how much they are prepared to pay for the services of this charlatan and his "infallible cancer cure."

As a preliminary to treatment would-be patients must state on the lip detached from his circulars what they are able to pay, and if the sum is satisfactory Williams begins treatment. It is not surprising that scores of ignorant people who take the claims of Williams at his own valuation should be ready to reduce themselves to beggary and even to

run themselves into debt in order to save their loved ones from the tortures of this terrible scourge.

According to the coroner, who investigated the case of a man of nineteen who had been a patient of Williams, at Bawtry, near Doncaster, the self-styled cancer specialist is nothing but a "quack who has been swindling people right and left." In this case the patient had been given up by the doctors as incurable, but as a last resource his mother had turned to the "Cancer Cure King," and at the cost of considerable sacrifice and pinching had scraped together the fees of three pounds per week required by Williams. The treatment which Williams refused to disclose until threatened with imprisonment consists of the application of poultices of linseed, hog's fat, sulphate of copper, and sugar of lead, while port wine and brandy were also given to the patients.

Medical evidence showed that Williams, who offered to produce letters testifying to the success of his treatment in other cases had done

nothing to relieve the pain of the patient, which is all that doctors can do in hopeless cases, and it was stated also that the treatment was absolutely worthless so far as any possible effect on the patient was concerned.

The coroner has promised to take the matter up with the British Medical Association with a view to prosecution of Williams, but it is doubtful whether they can do anything in the matter seeing that Williams has not openly described himself as a doctor or attached any letters to his name. Why should it be left to a semi-private association to move in the matter at all? On the face of it Williams would appear to be a dangerous quack and a heartless rogue to boot, for there can be nothing more heartless than this game of making profit out of the sufferings of doomed men and women. It should be easy enough to put his claims to the test and if he cannot make them good, then a term of imprisonment should serve to protect the public.

The Bread Poisoners

THERE is high authority for the statement that man cannot live by bread alone. But that is no reason why he should not get the bread, which is the staff of life, pure and unadulterated.

Tennyson thought his day degenerate, because "chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread." To-day, ingenuity goes much further than that, and sodium chloride and calcium sulphate and ammonium chloride and ammonium sulphate, are amongst the things which are introduced into our bread by those who bake it, not because they think these things are good for us, which they certainly are not, but because they add to the profits.

Some years ago a wave of alarm swept over the country when an epidemic of baker's eczema broke out. It attacked the hands and arms of the men engaged in baking the bread, and was due to a chemical called potassium persulphate which was added as an "improver" to the flour.

The idea of using "improvers" is to make a more upstanding loaf than would be obtainable without their use. You get a cheap quality of flour, throw in the "improver," with its powerful chemical substances, and you get your more upstanding loaf. In other words, you get a larger number of loaves out of a smaller quantity of flour.

The bakers may get eczema in handling this "improved" flour, and heaven alone knows what the consumer may get in eating it. But the man who sells it gets an added profit, and that apparently circumscribes his interest in the matter.

If you reproach the baker for tampering with your daily bread, he will tell you that the reason he uses an "improver" is to enable him to make a satisfactory loaf containing a higher proportion of water.

That is not the point. It is true that the ordinary citizen does not want to eat bread and water. That is reserved for the extraordinary citizen—as some of these persulphate bakers ought to be made to learn.

The point is that the people who use these chemical compounds to inflate their loaves, and their profits, have no knowledge as to the possible injurious effects upon the consumers.

That is where the Ministry of Health should step in. Its function is to protect the stomach of the citizen against calcium sulphate, and potassium sulphate, and ammonium chloride and ammonium sulphate and sodium chloride, introduced surreptitiously into their morning roll, to the unpleasant accompaniment of baker's eczema.

If the Minister of Health wants to know any more about this subject it might consult Doctor Bernard Dyer, the analyst, of Great Tower Street, an authority in matters of this kind.

He will be able to confirm what we have stated in a manner which should produce in the Ministry of Health not merely the effect of calcium this and calcium that, and ammonium the other, but of bursting shrapnel.

Black Devils and White Girls

COLOURED men are still lurking in our cities, living depraved lives on the immoral earnings of the white girls they have lured to their betrayal.

THE warning note which we uttered against the grave perils to English girls from the influx of coloured undesirables to this country has received a terrible and dramatic justification from Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder of London.

Speaking to a white girl who stood in the dock before him charged with bigamy, he said: "You are one of the unfortunate white women who have been the prey of bad black men. You were ruined when you were a good girl. The man who married you, after you insisted on marriage, traffics in white girls, and the sooner that sort of thing is stopped the better for humanity."

The scoundrel of whom the Recorder thus spoke is a degenerate negro from the West Indies named Sherella. The police know him. They know that he lives on the earnings of women, whom he has first ruined and then forced on to the streets, that he has lived with a great number of these unfortunate creatures, and that he is at present on the run.

Why do they not find him? If they make an intelligent search of the district at the top of Shaftesbury Avenue and of the side-streets off the Tottenham Court Road, which are honeycombed with black men's cafes and night clubs, underground gambling saloons and thieving lodging houses, they will find him.

They will find him consorting with other degenerate negroes who sit in these dens all night smoking, drinking, gambling. They do not work. They have no need to. They have white

girls "hustling" for them. That is the dreadful word they use to describe the process of sending white girls out on to the streets to earn money.

The story of the white girl whom Sherella ruined shows, in a typical example, how the clutches of these degenerates from both East and West have been fastened on simple and ignorant and helpless white girls. The daughter of a soldier serving abroad, she does not remember her mother who was burned to death when she was a baby. Brought up by her grandmother, she took a job in a low restaurant in Limehouse, run by Sherella. From the moment she entered his employ, at the age of seventeen, he made overtures to her.

She refused. To get over her scruples he married her. From the first day of the marriage he beat her, ordering her on to the streets to make money for him while he lived with other white women. When she could not earn enough he drove her away.

Spurned by her own race, she made her way to South Shields. She worked at a dockside restaurant there, and "married" a Malay seaman, who sympathised with her and promised to be kind to her. Within a fortnight of her marriage he beat her unmercifully, drove her on the streets, compelled her to consort with many black men, and hand over to him the money she got. Some months later, when she was nearly dying, he deserted her, afraid that the law would overtake him.

The ordeal of Sherella's dupe is the ordeal of hundreds of young white girls. In some mysterious way they

yield to the strange fascination of these cunning and vicious negroes, with their air of gaiety, their easy and infectious laughter, their gleaming white teeth and rolling eyes, and their passion for song and music.

It is their chief art in life to simulate cheerful gaiety and carelessness and generosity. They spend money, got from their victims tied to bed-posts and thrashed with ropes in noisome underground dens, in lavish entertainment of other prospective victims to lure them into the same awful, helpless and hopeless slavery.

Besides Sherella there are many more. One is the notorious rascal named Rosario, a coloured prest who lives on the immoral earnings of cowed and intimidated white girls. When his friend, Kelson, was recently arrested for dope trafficking and sentenced to three years, Rosario disappeared from the black colony in London. The police should look for him in Cardiff or Liverpool.

After these terrible and sordid revelations we believe that public opinion will be thoroughly aroused. It ought, in the first place, to demand the arrest of such insolent and notorious white slave traffickers as Sherella and Rosario. It ought, as a precaution, to compel all black men living with white women, whether married to them or not, to report to the police at intervals so that sheep can be separated from goats.

We have led the way in exposing this appalling and festering evil. Will the authorities now do their part?

Dangerous Birds of Passage Frederick the Great

TO many people loss of sight would be more terrible than death itself.

We take this statement from an article with the letters "adv't." unostentatiously following it, appearing in the current issue of the *Tottenham Herald*, announcing the good news that a gentleman called Graham Browne is going to stay in that thickly populated district for another week.

One may ask who is Mr. Graham Browne? The answer is the "Famous London Optician." That is what he calls himself in his own advertisement.

But as he does not possess either of the two usual qualifications—the Diploma of the Spectacle Makers' Company, or of the British Optical Association, it would be foolish to suppose that he is really able to give skilled opinions on matters concerning the eye or save those who are threatened with blindness.

He is merely an enterprising fellow whose business it is to sell spectacles to the greenhorns and the gape-mouths who flock to him in country towns and suburbs, lured only by the advertisements which he publishes.

When Mr. Browne talks of his unrivalled knowledge of optical matters someone ought to get up and ask him why it is not sufficient to get

him an ordinary spectacle maker's diploma.

The truth is that this country is flooded with peripatetic spectacle makers who insert their blatant advertisements in provincial and suburban papers and do a thriving trade, during fitting visits, among people who are in trouble with their eyes.

In Mr. Graham Browne's case a busy and profitable week at Tottenham did not exhaust its capacity, and he has graciously decided to stay a further week.

We do not congratulate Tottenham. If it chooses to throng the temporary consulting rooms of this unqualified miracle worker, that is its own affair. But we strongly suggest to all whom it may concern, that they should deal with local opticians who are permanent residents and are not mere vocal and self-recommending birds of passage.

Many tragic cases have been brought to our attention of people who have been cruelly imposed upon by quacks, and sold plain window glass instead of pebble lenses. The best way to deal with imposition of this kind is not to deal with any persons who cannot produce the accepted qualifications but who merely call themselves "great London opticians."

STILL another public benefactor anxious to put people in the way of making a fortune, makes his modest bow.

He is Frederick Thane, 36, Hutton Street, Salisbury Square, E.C.4, and in the stereotyped circular he broadcasts, Frederick undertakes to supply for the sum of five shillings "two wonderful, double-meaning, already-judged by competition judges solutions."

Frederick does not claim that he has ever produced any winning lines, but in a cunning way gives the impression that he was responsible for some of our winning "Bullets."

His generosity does not end with his delivery of the goods. If by some sad chance Frederick's brainwaves do not appeal to our judges as he had led you to expect, and if the first prize looms no nearer, he offers to provide you with free future postal orders, coupons and postage until you do actually see your name heading our "Bullets" prize list!

Frederick Thane has not the slightest influence with our competition judges. In fact, they have never heard of this individual. His impudent and illiterate claims are totally without foundation, and we would advise our readers to leave him severely alone.

A "ROYAL" ROUE

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

SENSATIONAL as was the trial of the Egyptian "Princess," Madame Marguerite Fahmy, it falls before the real revelations of the "Prince's" escapades which I am able to make public. At the Old Bailey such evidence was given as was necessary to meet the requirements of justice. The most remarkable story of all was left untold.



MRS. FAHMY

sphere of romance there lurks the ugly but inevitable question of colour. Is it right, is it proper, is it even without danger for a Western girl to associate with a man of the East?

That the Egyptian exercises a strange and sometimes fatal fascination over the rich beautiful women who winter under the shadow of the Pyramids is perfectly true. I could unfold tales of scandal and intrigue which would make Mr. Robert Hichens' story of "Bella Donna" pale beside it. The hotels of Cairo, Alexandria and Luxor are full of your Ali Kamel Fahmy Beys who seem to get on so well with the girls from the West.

Mme. Fahmy's meeting with the man she ultimately killed took place in Paris, but the fatal moments were those spent under the spell of Egypt, when, at the beginning of the year, he wooed and won her. It was during the yachting cruise up the Nile to Luxor that the young Egyptian obtained her consent to marry him. The miserable woman might well blame the hypnotic influences of this old-world Egyptian town for her downfall. It is under these dazzling conditions that men as well as women do silly things. Mme. Fahmy was no exception. In her case, however, it proved not only foolish but fatal.

LET us see what manner of man it was for whom she fell. He called himself a prince. If he were, he were indeed a royal roué of the worst type. But fortunately for the good name of kings and princes, he was a mere vain commoner, whose stupid swelled head invented the title, as he invented his vows of love.

Of the dead, it is said, we should not speak too harshly, but we owe something also to the living, and it is by stripping bare the false trappings of this precious youth that we may warn our maidens of the danger that besets mixed marriages. Let the pure who live learn something from the wicked who are dead.

Ali Fahmy began his campaign of riot and wrecking when he was a mere boy. His father, Abdul Fahmy Bey, was an engineer who speculated and made a vast fortune out of cotton. He left his young son over

£3,000,000, and in one bound the boy became the richest man in Egypt.

The most charitable view that we may take of him is that this enormous wealth turned his head. He converted his Aladdin-like palaces into dens of debauchery. He used the money made from his father's cotton fields and from the fellahs (Egyptian peasants) in order to indulge in pleasure of the most perverted kind. He debased charity by using her as a means of self-advertisement, and as a cloak to hide his devilry. The mind reels in disgust at the very reference to the escapades of this gilded youth.

STARTING off from the happy hunting ground of Cairo he became conspicuous by his conquest of women visitors there. He surrounded himself with black servants from Upper Egypt, who were well trained to see all and say nothing. His palaces, his yacht, his cars, his wealth, reinforced by the outward manner of charm, brought into his nest more white victims than it is possible to compute.

From the desire for many wives and for women of a certain class, he now developed a sense of sexual perversion which should have unfitted him for human friendship. One of his low associates introduced him to an Egyptian "devil worshipper," who taught the youth "the highest form of love" which is actually the lowest form of perverted passion. This pervert exercised a definite influence over his young disciple, and besides being very much in his confidence was actually the instigator of his darkest habits.

Fahmy became the talk of all the European fashionable centres as he had become the cad of Cairo. In each of these places he made fresh conquests to the ultimate shame and degradation of his disillusioned victims.

He led the life pictured by the penny novelist. He swaggered about in the most expensive cars, held highly riotous suppers in which women played the leading part always, being surrounded by a retinue of slavish admirers. He became completely unsexed.

A mental specialist could have easily diagnosed this particular form of mania. Nothing else mattered. Palaces, estates, yachts, houseboats on the Nile, his most beautiful gardens, his army of women—all became as nothing to him beside the one mad desire to live unnaturally.

There is no doubt that he was fast becoming mentally unbalanced. He uttered wild threats against the lives of those who ventured to offer him advice to live more cleanly. Some of his women were worldly enough to know better and they had themselves to blame for the dreadful conse-

quences, but there were others—pure young innocents—who formed a real and tender affection for this young depraved scamp.

In Rome, one day, he instructed his coloured servants to find him a girl from the poorer classes. It was his whim at that moment to taste the love of the lower orders. In due course his intended victim was found and brought to him. He treated her regally and instituted her into his Italian harem flinging her off in due course. This little girl, bewildered and heartbroken at his unexplained treatment, was ill for months, and then in despair she became a common street walker.

IN Paris, he met an American lady and made outrageous love to her. Luckily her husband got wind of what was becoming a scandal and he gave the young "prince" a good thrashing.

Fahmy's escapades in London were as numerous as those he had abroad. He endeavoured to repeat his Deauville sensational supper parties in which champagne girls, certain slippers and a rose, figured. One particular incident at a certain big London hotel was hushed up. He was holding one of these supper parties, at which several women were present, when he suddenly threw off his clothes and was revealed in pyjamas. This was a favourite trick of his which was not always appreciated.

AS the inevitable climax drew on he became scared that his victims would pursue him. He, therefore, had as a guard four coloured detectives. Threats, bribes, cajoleries and revolvers were used to silence the more determined of his thrown-off puppets who were out to avenge themselves. Occasionally the instincts of the Mohammedan asserted themselves and he began to carry his Koran side by side with his cheque-book. In a fit of remorse or fear he would throw himself on the floor of his room and cry out to Allah. But he had gone too far and could scarce control his actions. The monster in him predominated. Once more he became an uncrowned tyrant whose mores wish no one dare gainsay.

As it so often goes hand in hand with sexual vice, the "prince" was also a heavy drinker. His end came with tragic suddenness, but it is certain that in any case he was approaching an end far worse than that which befell him.

It came ironically enough at the hands of a woman of easy virtue, one of the sort he had been in the habit of buying as he would buy a car. She was known as Marie Alibert, although actually she was a divorced woman, named Madame Laurent. She kept a flat in Paris where she entertained men friends.



MR. SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

Fahmy met her in 1922. It so happened that she did not "take" to him and this whetted his desire. He swore by the Koran that he would win her. Day and night he followed her about using every device which money and determination could give. At Deauville she succumbed to him. In the first flush of his success he showered costly gifts upon her, taking care not to betray his normally vile habits. He lived with her for a time swearing that he would marry her in Egypt.

And so, like the rest, this woman fell a victim to the fascination of one of the most dangerous men in the world. Once a kind of instinct warned her not to entrust herself to him. He overcame, however, all her hesitations and fears so that she went with him to Luxor where the historic past is transferred into a modern fairyland, where the world's leading men and the most beautiful women congregate.

No doubt he intended to throw her off in due course. After a form of marriage had been gone through, the "prince" revealed himself in his true colours. She was horrified but helpless.

THE life of torture which she led from that time on was revealed by the wretched woman in the dock at the Old Bailey. What she did not describe was that on the fatal night, in the agony due to his treatment of her, she felt she could not go on, and so in a moment when her whole soul rose in revolt and overpowered her she killed him. We in England do not usually accommodate ourselves to the vagaries of the Unwritten Law, but the ordeal of this Frenchwoman was bound to awaken an echo of sympathy in every heart.

Fahmy is dead. Thus perish all traitors to human society. The world is well rid of them.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Sir JESSE BOOT,
Nottingham.

SIR,—It relieves my mind to know that there is at least one white man in this country. While most landlords thrust the "no children taken" notice in the face of tenants, you are building tenements on your land in Jersey and you state that "priority will be given to those with the largest families." This is the act of a true patriot, for the wealth of our nation is located in its cradles. You are setting a premium on the quivers-full. May your example both condemn and inspire.

JOHN BULL.

To ARTHUR BURROUGHS, Esq.,
Chairman, British Broadcasting Company.

DEAR UNCLE ARTHUR,—A little learning is a dangerous thing, too much of it an unpleasant thing. That is why I protest against your giving the great company of listeners in an hour-and-a-half of highbrow scientific exposition by Sir Ernest Rutherford, of the British Association. Please don't do it again. Do not inject science into us by force. Let us take our introduction to the mighty atom in smaller doses. Remember that we have only one life and that an hour and a half of our spare time is a little too much to commandeer from us in this way. Apart from that, it is a good journalistic maxim that there never was an article yet that would not be the better for a little wise sub-editing.

JOHN BULL.

To Major the Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions.

SIR,—By continually flashing the searchlight upon the disgraceful decisions countenanced by you, I hope in time to communicate to you the sense of shame which every decent man in the country feels at the way our ex-Service men are being treated. Another glaring scandal has come to light at Richmond where a poor fellow, paralysed as the result of being blown up by a mine, crawled into the Guardians' meeting as a suppliant for relief because his pension had been reduced from £2 to 7s. 6d. a week. Can't you realise that such cold-blooded cruelty brings dire disgrace upon our nation?

JOHN BULL.

J. W. FRANKS, Esq.,
Kingston Board of Guardians.

DEAR SIR,—It is utterly ridiculous that you should have been disqualified from serving as a Guardian because you were for a time a paying patient in the Board's hospital. As you paid considerably more than the cost of your maintenance you were actually relieving the rates while at the same time getting valuable first-hand experience of the way the institution was run. Although by a legal quibble your action makes you technically a pauper I doubt if any judge in his senses would penalise you for continuing your duties as a Guardian. It is clear that the Act must be amended.

JOHN BULL.

To Signor MUSSOLINI,
Rome.

DEAR SIGNOR,—I am glad to note that you have agreed to evacuate Corfu by the end of the month. It is the wisest move you have made since your tiff with Greece. A little more commonsense of this type will avoid trouble in the Balkans. We in Britain admire strong men, but we despise dictators. And however regrettable your recent actions, you are quite wrong in assuming that our friendship for the Italian people has been in the least shaken.

JOHN BULL.

To JOE BECKETT,
Worthing.

DEAR JOE,—I agree with you that everybody in this world ought to get a second chance. When you go up against Carpentier to show him that the last time ought not to count, I wish you luck. I never could see why, because a man is a British champion and a good fellow, he should be less liable to be cheered than an alien. At the same time I know you will agree with me in wishing that the best man may win.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir WILLIAM NOTT-BOWER, K.C.V.O.,
Commissioner of City Police, London.

SIR,—It is not always that I see eye to eye with you, and we have had our little tilts in the past. But I am the last to withhold praise where it is due, and your action in dispersing the crowd that began to collect at seven o'clock at night for a next day's hearing of the Fahmy trial, meets with my approval. Those idle, sensation-loving people, and those who turn the queue into a commercial proposition are better off the streets. Good man!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. G. BINGLEY,
Turf Accountant, Glasgow.

SIR,—You have been warned off the turf. I hope you are not so ill-advised as to expect any sympathy from the public. People who combine the dual role of bookmaker and racehorse owner ought to be particularly careful about their conduct. You have been particularly careless, to use no harsher term. We want to keep British sport clean and wholesome. People like you lower its colours, encourage its enemies, and damage its prestige all over the world. I trust the lesson for you will be of lifelong value.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. LEES,
Vicar of Brentwood.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your appointment as Vicar of Brentwood is a slice of luck for Brentwood—and I hope for you. You have taken an early opportunity of telling your parishioners that you are against the kill-joy idea of religion, and that it would be better if a clergymen's dress were less like that of a mourner and more like that of a wedding guest. The apostles of perpetual gloom will be up against you for these unorthodox opinions, but your way and not theirs will collar the man in the street. The best of luck to you.

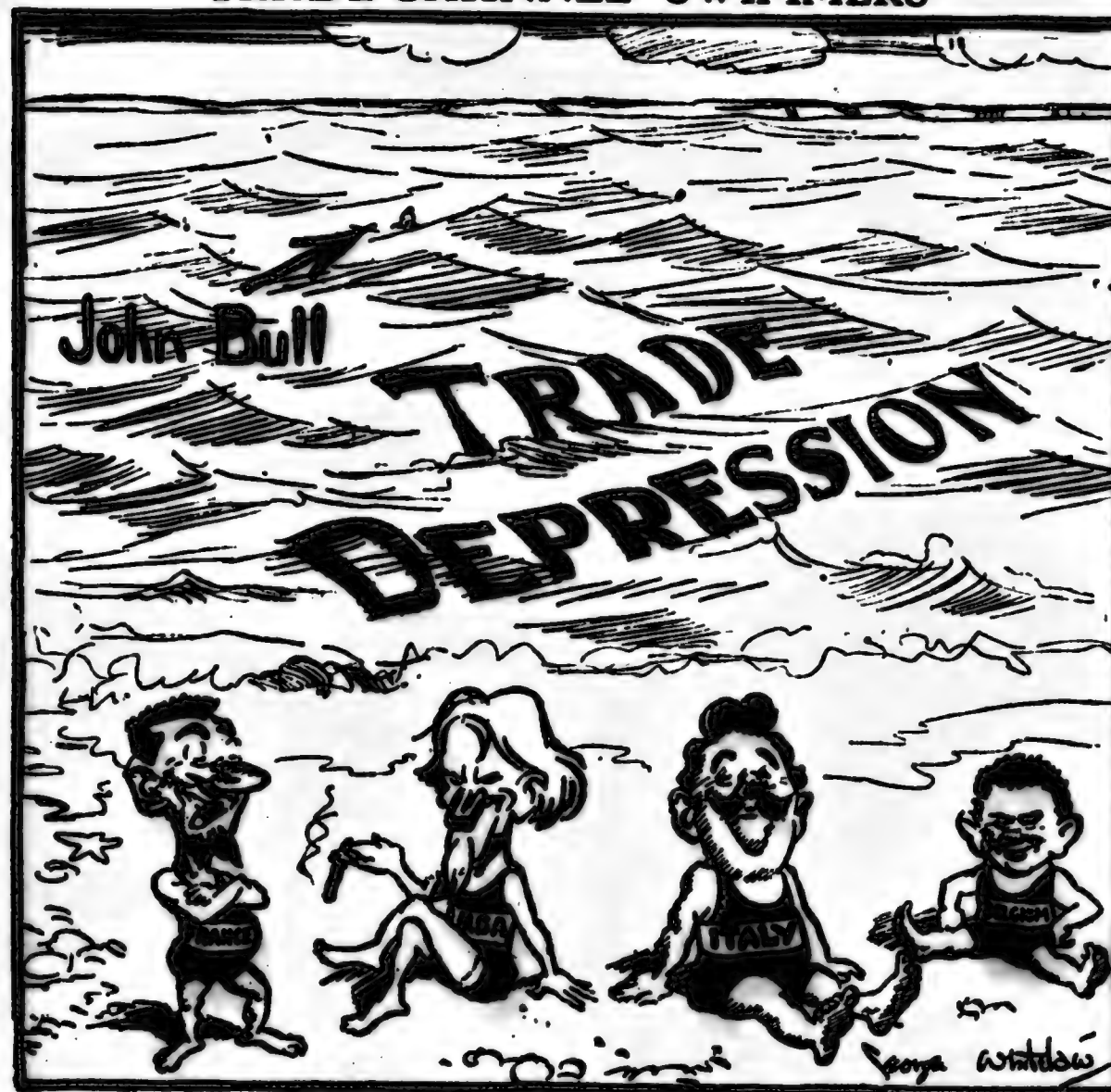
JOHN BULL.

To C. K. FRANCIS, Esq.,
Metropolitan Magistrate, Marylebone.

SIR,—It was no part of your duty to vent your shrewish displeasure upon Mr. Morris of Willesden for refusing to prosecute Vincent Barber, alleged by the police to have been in unlawful possession of a couple of his motor rugs. Strange as it may seem to you, it isn't everybody who takes pleasure in running his fellow men into the dock. The rugs, after all, were Mr. Norris' and if out of feelings of humanity or for other reasons which he considered sufficient, he declined to assist in branding Barber as a thief, his decision is entitled to respect and you have got to abide by it. Surely you send enough men to jail.

JOHN BULL.

TRADE-CHANNEL SWIMMERS



Great Britain is the only country suffering from post-war trade depression. Poor old John is still struggling with the tides.

Without Fear or Favour.

LARGE FAMILIES AND SMALL PURSES

Crooks and their Lawyers

THOSE who are familiar with the legal profession from within are well aware of the scandal of the solicitor or barrister who makes himself the accomplice of the blackmailing tribe by arranging the details of "settlements" for victims or by giving the blackmailer a hand in frightening his victim by invoking the aid of the law's machinery.

Indeed, there are certain solicitors who make the handling of blackmailing cases a feature of their business because they know they can pile up expenses for imaginary inquiries before buying off the rogues bleeding their clients.

If a private individual were to open up negotiations with a view to "squaring" a blackmailer he would be liable to punishment for compounding a felony, but apparently a solicitor in the exercise of his profession is free to arrange matters of this sort and to charge high fees.

One of the cleverest blackmailers in London works the old game of threatening exposure of men who have been trapped into indiscretions with the rogue's wife. He is well known in lawyers' chambers, but this does not prevent solicitors acting for him by writing letters to the intended victim any more than it prevents other solicitors replying and advising their clients to settle "in order to avoid scandal."

When will the Law Society awake to its responsibilities in the matter? When, too, will the Public Prosecutor wake up and treat the black sheep of the Legal profession exactly as private individuals would be treated if detected compounding a felony?

The Only Way

THERE could be no more certain indication of the degeneration of a race than a steady and persistent increase in the cases of cruelty to animals recorded in its domestic statistics. We should be ashamed if we thought that this moral deterioration was an undoubted feature of this country's social life. Unfortunately it cannot be denied that such cases are at best far too common.

It is useless to argue with the brute who will torture a defenceless creature, who can look on unmoved at its struggles and can apparently gloat over its agonies. The labourer at Langley who buried a cat alive is a case in point. The Slough magistrates heard the evidence, in which the man claimed that the cat was his own to do as he liked with, and after expressing the opinion that defendant ought to be sent to prison, proceeded, instead, merely to fine him.

The magistrates who so stultify the law, and themselves, are enemies to the dumb creation. There is only one way to deal with the monster who buries cats alive—and it is a "cat" of another kind.

A Chance for the Wealthy

IS there any plan by which birth control can be eliminated without imposing undue hardship upon the poorer classes? This is one of the most controversial questions of the day and the answer is set out below.

THE British Association has touched a topic that, in Bacon's phrase, comes home to men's business and bosoms. It has boldly raised the problem of birth control; and set itself to answer the question whether we ought to look on unconcerned at an artificial and deliberate restriction of our population, due to the economic conditions under which we live.

The matter must be faced fairly and squarely. The facts are plain. Parents nowadays are having smaller families, not because they wish to, but because they cannot afford to do otherwise.



Is this right or wrong from the moral and national point of view? The answer is as plain as the facts. The Biblical injunction "Be fruitful and multiply" combines at once the moral and physiological answer—but it takes no account of the economic conditions.

Dr. Vaughan Cornish. The same may be said of the argument of national considerations. The coloured populations of the world do not practise birth control. They are increasing relatively more rapidly than the white races. If that disparity is not altered the white race must ultimately be relegated to the background, and content itself with the lower status of a decreasing minority.

THAT again ignores the economic consideration. The coloured races have a lower standard of living. The burden of educating and training children does not affright them. They turn their young barbarians loose—to sink or swim.

It is a menace to the white race, taken as a world problem, to the future of this country, taken as a national problem. If we go down in numbers in these islands, while our comfort may temporarily increase, our security will without doubt recede.

Security, in modern conditions, means highly developed industrial capacity. We cannot have it with a decreasing population.

What, then, is to be done? Here again the answer is plain. If it is necessary for the supremacy of the white race, and the safety of this country, to maintain our birth-rate, we must evolve the conditions essential to such a state of affairs.

We must face the fact that the conscientious man with a small purse will not have a large family. It is no use lecturing him on ethics and eugenics.

WE must improve his conditions. We must cheapen education for his children, lessen the cost of living, exorcise the spectre of chronic unemployment and generally show him the way to a better world.

In other words, social reform is the answer to race suicide. That indicates the task that lies before our statesmen. And they will not discharge it any less effectively if they begin by reminding the rich, who can afford large families, that they have no right to lecture or reproach the poor who can't.

Panel Money Trifling

A GREAT panel crisis is arising and those who are insured under the National Insurance Act must look to their interests. At the end of this year the Government subsidy to the panel doctors will be dropped and the obvious reduction in their panel fees—so the doctors say—is to be resisted to the death.

The approved societies want to have greater control of the panel doctors, but they don't want to give away any more of their money. The doctors, however, have pointed out that it is not "their" money at all.

The Insurance Act is financed by contributions from workpeople and employers with a grant from the Government. The amount of sickness among insurance persons has been grossly miscalculated; sickness has never been more than 70 per cent. of what was anticipated.

Then came the war, and the deaths of thousands of insured men reduced liabilities, while the funds to meet them remained untouched. Treasury grants were also given to meet emergencies which did not exist.

Since the Act came into force over £350,000,000 has come out of its funds, and actuarial investigation shows that in the different approved societies there are reserves of over £100,000,000.

The doctors therefore assert that any reduction in their fees is unnecessary—the reserves can be raided instead. The big approved societies want to keep these reserves to attract more members.

But nobody dreams of suggesting that, since there are over a hundred million pounds lying in reserve, a penny or two a week might come off the tax paid by the poor insured person!

Safety in the Air

THE lamentable disaster to the Manchester air mail, which resulted in the deaths of five persons, will be put forth by the timid and nervous as another example of the folly of flying.

The tragedy must affect everyone very deeply, but after the first shock of its awfulness has passed, the possibility of its recurrence must be viewed more or less dispassionately.

This is the first disaster to the British Air Mail Services in the two years during which many daily flights have been made.

Not one day passes but there are a large number of motor-car accidents reported in the newspapers. They have become so common, in fact, that they are scarcely heeded by the general public. Railway accidents, also, are still only too frequent. Improvements in sea travelling facilities have not prevented terrible loss of life.

There is no doubt that the air remains as safe a means of travel as any. And it will become safer still if unjustified timidity on the part of the public does not cripple the service.



The Prime Minister, who will preside over the forthcoming Imperial Conference.

Making Work for All!

by A. G. GARDINER

THE winter is stretching out before us and we are not prepared to meet it. The stagnation in trade which has resulted in thousands of unemployed tramping the streets of our great cities must be relieved. A sane and sound means of relieving it is outlined in this powerful article.

A WEEK or so hence the Imperial Conference meets in London and shortly after Parliament reassembles. In other days we could contemplate these events as formal solemnities that did not affect the man in the street. We can do so no longer. "The man in the street" is no longer figuratively in the street. He is very literally in the street on the kerbstone where he has been for weeks and months, and even years, waiting for something to turn up, and waiting in vain, until hope is dead and energy is dead with it. And the problem before the two august bodies which meet in a week or two is what is to be done to rescue this country from the sleeping sickness that is overspreading it.

We are now on the eve of the fourth workless winter since the war and all the omens point to it being the worst. A condition of things we had hoped to be a passing phase of the backwash of the war is becoming chronic. It is not one trade alone that is stricken with palsy: it is all trades. Shipbuilding, perhaps, is the worst, for if our trade generally collapses there is naturally no demand for ships to carry it. But the slump is universal: in engineering, in textiles, in pottery, and, of course, in every trade dependent on the great staple industries. Half the mills in Lancashire are running short time or are closed down altogether, and the case of Lancashire is only symptomatic of all the rest.

IF we were suffering in common with other countries the outlook would be less menacing. But we are not. Germany is wrecked nationally, but at least its people are at work, and in France trade has been booming ever since the war. There have never been as many unemployed in all France as you will find to-day (or might have found any day during the past three years) in Manchester alone.

What is the meaning of it? Where will it end? Does it mean that our sun has set and that having won the war we have now to put up the shutters and go out of business getting rid of our surplus population as painlessly as we can? The question can only be answered by considering the cause and ascertaining whether that cause is permanent or passing. The cause is the earthquake which has shattered world trade as the physical earthquake has shattered Japan. The nations which are doing well are the self-sufficing nations, and Europe is slipping back into a primitive state in which each country is existing by taking in its own washing.

We cannot exist on these terms. We are not self-sufficing. We have lived by taking in the world's washing and have built up a vast population on that basis. Until we can get that washing back again—that is, until the pre-war conditions of trade are restored—it is useless to look for a return of prosperity. It is the Poin-

carés and Mussolinis, backed up and egged on by the Rothermere Press here and in Paris, who, in making Europe a seething cauldron of unrest, are taking away from us the means by which we live. The cause may be, must be removed some day, and if we haven't perished in the interval the energies of this country will pull us through.

BUT in the interval what is to be done? I see that the Imperial Conference is to discuss emigration. I do not wish to speak disparagingly of the expedient. In so far as it is a real expedient let us have it by all means. But there is as much easy bunkum talked on this subject as there is on the foolish theme of turning our backs on the Continent and its 400 million customers and getting the equivalent trade out of the 20 million people who inhabit the overseas dominions.

Let us make up our minds that we have to face this thing out at home and that we cannot shuffle it away in ships, certainly not within a period of time that will touch the emergency. The questions which will overshadow all others when Parliament meets are (1) what is to be done to carry us over the winter; and (2) what more permanent measures can be taken to meet a continuance of the present state of things.

Everyone agrees that the maintenance of a vast proportion of our population out of the insurance funds, the rates and the taxes is a national catastrophe, not only wasteful to our resources but ruinous to the character of our people. Work is a condition of natural health, and it is the provision of work that is the urgent necessity. Relief, of course, there will have to be, but wherever the alternative of work is possible it must be provided.

But what work? In a previous article I indicated directions in which the Government ought to have adventured long ago when it became apparent

that stagnation was upon us. I think it is generally agreed that inventing jobs as forms of relief work is a bad procedure, hardly better than the direct administration of relief itself. But there is an enormous mass of useful work waiting to be done in every area if the financial stimulus could be provided.

Whenever there is a possibility that public credit will set the machine of labour in motion on useful and productive work we should not hesitate to give that credit, taking, of course, every precaution against the inevitable tendency of trusts and rings to spring up and exploit the scheme and securing the public interest at every point. It should be the aim of the Government to work through the machine of local government in carrying through such a policy, and they should not hesitate to commandeer, if necessary, the idle reserves of great corporations for the purpose of irrigating the parched soil of industry.

A PART from the immediate emergency, there is the future for which it is the duty of the Government to prepare. No one can say how long it will be before Europe is at peace and pre-war conditions of trade re-established. We must prepare for a long siege. If we cannot recover our trade we can no longer feed forty million of people with food from abroad, for it is only with our industrial exports that we can buy that food.

This consideration flashes a new and searching light on the land question and the whole problem of the home production of food. At present we produce only half our food, but if we are to live at all in the existing state of the world we must become more self-sufficing. With this large question I have no room to deal now. It is enough to insist that the Government cannot afford to postpone the consideration of this great matter a day longer.

"An appalling host of girls to-day are starved of a love as necessary to them as food."

THERE is something of comicality and much of pathos in the story of the young man of Maidenhead, who, having asked the local Poor Law Guardians to help him in finding a wife, received 2,500 applications for the "situation." It is funny that any young man should have to seek outside assistance in selecting a sweetheart, funny that the wise youth in this case should have been moved to deplore the scarcity of "genuine girls" since the war, funny that he should have resorted to the Guardians for relief of such unusual distress, and particularly funny that he should have enlisted the services of his mother to pick out the most deserving applicant for his gushing heart's love.

It is quite clear that the young man did need a "genuine girl" to take his hand and look after him; and I cordially trust his address, which is "Cares End," may prove an omen of his mother's and his own happy deliverance from a very natural anxiety.

But here is a serious element in the story which is even more striking than its comedy. That hundreds of ladies should have been found

eager to respond to so vague and fantastic an "S.O.S.," willing to rescue an utter stranger from his plight of single cursedness; prepared apparently to unite their lives' destinies with his on so slight and precarious a knowledge of his aspect, temper, habits and condition—that is the salient and most suggestive feature of this very remarkable "romance."

The essentials of happy marriage are not easily found even under the most favourable circumstances. The love born of mutual respect and perfect understanding, which gives the hazard of wedlock its security of harmonious rhythm and concord, needs much care, watchfulness and sacrifice to cultivate; and is slow of growth. Yet here are hundreds of women keen to plunge into the great adventure without even seeing the man whose life they propose to share!

The explanation, alas! is as sadly plain as the phenomenon. There are hundreds of thousands of women in Britain to-day without any chance of securing husband, home or children. A million and a half became accustomed during

The Tragedy

by A. G. GARDINER

UNLESS a party be established and reconstruction thereof party, says the writer of inspired by

FOR those who feel sharply the sorrows of the present time the grave dangers immediately fronting us, is there any power of our national life more depressing than that of Mr. Asquith at the head of British Liberalism. He is in his seventy-second year. He has a sedentary life. The social atmosphere of recent years has not been favourable to his activity and political enthusiasm. He is exhausted. Ambassador Page wrote in 1917 that he seemed jaded, adding that Asquith assured me "everything is going to be damned fast."

One feels that Mr. Asquith does not understand the tragedy of the present time—the misery, day after day, of whole families crowded together in one stifling room; the demoralization of our finest manhood by enforced idleness and increasing unemployment; above all, the destructive hopelessness and suicidal tendencies of the youth of all classes as it comes year by year in enormous battalions to the threshold of life and finds that there is no work for it, no opportunity to make a career, no home of its own.

FROM all this Mr. Asquith appears to be withdrawn. If he is too old and jaded to tear himself from the enticements of fashion and to go on a pilgrimage of inquiry into the streets of our industrial cities, then he is too old and jaded to lead one of the chief parties of the State and obviously he should retire.

The present miserable condition of the Party is no more a blessing to Conservatism than the ruinous state of Central Europe is a blessing to British trade. We need, whether we are Conservatives or Liberals, a political party

Doles for Mothers

the war to an unprecedented position of independence. Their prospects of marriage have been fully diminished by the slaughter of young men in Flanders, Gallipoli and Mesopotamia; and the scarcity of work, houses and wages.

The result is that an appalling host of women are starved of a love which is natural to them and almost as necessary to them as food. Such starvation brings in its train not only physical misery but a series of morbid and psychical effects—ailments, diseases, mental disturbances—as tragic as the consequences of unsatisfied hunger.

Tragic, too, is the result to the State of the primary racial value of women lies in motherhood. The maintenance of women's capacity for producing sturdy little citizens is of infinitely more value to the nation than their utmost potentiality of industrial output. Neither bees, nor gold, nor aeroplanes, nor warships are so essential to the welfare, prosperity, and power of the realm, as a plentiful supply of intelligent, efficient citizen-mothers.

All!

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The Tragedy of Mr. Asquith

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

UNLESS a party be established which can formulate and carry out a policy of reformation and reconstruction there seems little hope for this suffering country of ours. Such a party, says the writer of this article, can save us from headlong ruin provided it be inspired by a deep sense of the power of true democracy.

FOR those who feel sharply the bitter sorrows of the present time and realise the grave dangers immediately confronting us, is there any political fact of our national life more depressing than the sight of Mr. Asquith at the head of British Liberalism? He is in his seventy-second year. He has lived a sedentary life. The social atmosphere of his recent years has not been favourable to mental activity and political enthusiasm. The War exhausted him. Ambassador Page wrote of him in 1917 that he seemed jaded, adding, "Mrs. Asquith assured me 'everything is going to the devil damned fast.'"

One feels that Mr. Asquith does not understand the tragedy of the present time—the degrading misery, day after day, of whole families herded together in one stifling room; the demoralisation of our finest manhood by enforced, continuous, and increasing unemployment; above all, the destructive hopelessness and suicidal despair of the youth of all classes as it comes year by year in enormous battalions to the threshold of manhood and finds that there is no work for it to do, no opportunity to make a career, no hope to set up a home of its own.

FROM all this Mr. Asquith appears to be remote. If he is too old and jaded to tear himself free from the enticements of fashionable life, and to go on a pilgrimage of inquiry into the dark streets of our industrial cities, then he is too old and jaded to lead one of the chief parties in the State and obviously he should retire.

The present miserable condition of his Party is no more a blessing to Conservatism than the ruinous state of Central Europe is a blessing to British trade. We need, whether we be Conservatives or Liberals, a political party in the

nation which believes passionately in the power of democracy to save itself. That faith must never die in England. At the present moment it is essential to our stability and to our progress. Without such a faith, youth has nothing to dream of, nothing to fight for, and the disenchanting working-classes are presented with no other choice than that between Sir Frederick Banbury and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

WHAT becomes of the present Liberal Party I do not care a toss; and I find that the young men of our Universities and of our working-classes are now utterly indifferent to its fortunes; it has ceased to interest them. But I care greatly for that which was once the centre of true democracy, namely, faith in the power effectively to destroy every form and phase of despotism and faith in the power of political activity to make life fruitful and happy. A restoration of this belief is essential and whether it come from Liberalism or Conservatism does not matter a brass farthing.

Democracy, before everything else, stands for a living and a fighting faith in human nature. It has none of the misgivings of old-fashioned Toryism: none of the ugly and deforming sectarianism of modern Labour. *It stands for humanity.* It believes in trusting the whole people and working with the whole people for the whole people. It believes that man is progressive, and that the greatest work in the world is helping every man, woman and child on the earth to be their utmost best.

It believes in equal opportunity for all not as a bit of platform gush but as a vital principle of national life. It believes with its whole soul in literature, in art, in science. Education is the sword of all its hopes for mankind. To give



The Rt. Hon.
H. H. Asquith,
Leader of the
Independent
Liberal Party.

every man a fair chance and a real encouragement to fight the battle of the human soul, democracy would pull down the inhuman slums which disgrace us, would build noble cities, would richly endow education, would humanise trade, and would treat the sweeter and the exploiter as society now treats the thief and the assassin.

Is it a time to speak of this faith? Is it a time to dream of beautiful cities, better schools, freer Universities, and a far nobler life for the poorest child in the land when trade is stagnant, the treasury empty, and Europe still in ruins?

There was a French general in the War who enumerated all the overwhelming odds against him, and all the hopeless elements in his own position, and concluded the dismal chronicle with this emphatic announcement, "Therefore I attack!"

IT is because everything is against democracy that democracy should attack. Because there is no trade, democracy should get busy. Because there is no money to build beautiful cities, democracy should burn down slums and rookeries. Because schools are impoverished, democracy should endow them. Because culture is tongue-tied, democracy should force every door of privilege in our snob-ridden Universities. Because humanity despairs, democracy should hope.

A revival of democracy would mean a revival of mental energy, and mental energy means work and wages. It is because we despair that we do nothing. It is because we do nothing that the Communist sees his opportunity to smash the whole mechanism of civilisation. If there had been a vital democracy in Russia the Bolsheviks could never have murdered intelligence. If there had been a vital democracy in Italy, Mussolini could never have put liberty in chains. Beware of apathy. Beware of robbing youth of its right to hope. The present apathy is fatal. What can we do that is more truly in the line of evolution, more sane, more hopeful, more British, than recapture our faith in democracy, and work with the people for the people, in the conviction that life can be lifted up and the human soul saved from all the enemies of its peace?

DEMOCRACY is the enemy of violence, the friend of freedom and the guide of progress. It is the only faith fit for a young man able to use his reason, and it is to youth we have the right to look for a break with the tired cynicism which is now paralysing our energies, and also for a bold step forward.

Democracy is not an exploded theory. It is the only manful religion of humanity. Let the youth of the nation learn the merit of that phrase, "Therefore I attack!"; and if no party in the State will carry its standard, then let youth carry its own standard and create a new party worthy of British character?

Doles for Mothers

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

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Tragic, too, is the result to the State. The primary racial value of women lies in motherhood. The maintenance of women's capacity for producing sturdy little citizens is of infinitely greater value to the nation than their utmost potentialities of industrial output. Neither bees, stocks, gold, aeroplanes, nor warships are so vitally essential to the welfare, prosperity, and safety of the realm, as a plentiful supply of healthy, intelligent, efficient citizens.

No sensible person wants to revive the old conception of women as tame domestic pets providentially designed to darn socks, scrub floors, wash clothes, and cook food for their lords and masters. But there is no getting away from the fact that the industry for which women have the most special inclination and fitness, the industry by which they confer the most precious service on the State, is that of providing sweet and wholesome life for the babies which ought to be theirs.

When unemployment pay was granted to men it was clearly impossible to withhold it from women who had been in wage-service, however short their experience might have been. But since support must be given, it clearly should be directed to the encouragement rather than to the discouragement of women's natural and principal function. Doles which keep men and women in waiting idleness and deter both sides from marrying, are no good to anybody. But a wisely conditioned endowment of motherhood—might not that prove a more profitable investment?

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People.

by HESKETH PEARSON



Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C.

ONE afternoon, not long before the war, I was wandering round University College, when a stoutish gentleman with a red face and a pleasant manner bumped into me, apologised for doing so, and asked me the way to the Botanical Theatre—all in the same breath.

"Mr. Marshall Hall, I believe?" said I.

"That's me! Got it in one. Who are you? Do I know you? Of course, I do! How do you do? Lovely day—I mean beastly—isn't it? Who do you remind me of? Haven't the foggiest idea. That's where you've got me. Where's the Botanical Garden—I mean Theatre? They're waiting for me. First to the left, then to the right at the end of the passage? Thanks. Delighted to see you. Excellent weather for the looks, but it gives me the hump!"

He hurried off, in his alert, cheerful way, the picture of physical health, high spirits, and all-round competence. You cannot meet Sir Edward Marshall Hall in the most casual way, without receiving the impression of an efficient and attractive personality.

SHORTLY after I went round and heard him amuse several hundred people for fifteen minutes. I discovered that he possessed the unfailing recipe for his success as an after-dinner speaker. Whenever he gets on his legs to entertain an audience, he keeps it in a perpetual ripple of laughter by saying nothing, and saying it uncommonly well. Attempt to analyse his remarks, try to remember what he said after he sits down, and you'll fail miserably. All the same, you can't get away from the fact that he is a master of post-prandial oratory.

Though this is only one aspect of the man, it is to him a very necessary one. It's his method of letting off steam, and it freshens him up for a further spell in the stale atmosphere of the Law Courts.

In the witness-box I think I would rather be cross-examined by anyone than Sir Edward. There is something

quite terrible about the good-natured, breezy way in which he lures you to your doom. He is so confidential, so charmingly intimate and discreet, that you freely and willingly unbosom yourself. You feel positive that he entirely sympathises with you in your predicament, that he wouldn't dream of mentioning to a soul a word of what you are going to tell him.

THEN, suddenly, the bolt drops and you come down to earth with a crash. The voice, which before had been so affectionate and solicitous, becomes hard and metallic. You are instantly aware that a disastrous indiscretion has been worked out of you. You look round desperately for a means of escape. The judge looks vindictive and severe. In your imagination you change places with the prisoner in the dock. You catch the terrible words: "I thought you said just now . . . Will you please tell his Lordship how you reconcile these contradictory statements?"

But it is only Sir Edward in another part. He over-plays, with the skill of an accomplished actor, the deadly and dangerous dexterity of a great forensic artist. That is why he always "gets there," and the masterly way in which he carried through the Fahmy case clearly establishes him as one of the most brilliant lawyers of our time.

PEACE AND FORCE

Why Not Generalissimo Cecil?

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

HERE is a picture for you—two military gentlemen with spikes on their helmets. One of them has a chin tuft and a fairly vacuous smile. The other wears pince-nez and a black moustache, and although he is supposed to be smiling, manages to look like an animated death's head.

I gather from the legend beneath that the smiler with the chin tuft is "a commander of the Red Army," whereas his companion (facing camera) is none other than your old friend Trotsky; "the Bolshevik Dictator."

Well, I daresay you remember Mr. Trotsky round about the time of Brest Litovsk. He didn't wear a spiked helmet in those days and if anybody had told him that inside five years he would be generalissimo of one of the fiercest armies in Europe, and taking the salutes of spike-helmeted commanders on parade grounds, he would have been inexpressibly shocked. He was a man of peace, was Trotsky, a man who boasted that he and his associates were out to "conquer" the world not with machine guns and high explosives, but "armed only with an idea."

Roughly speaking—and as it got itself represented in print—that idea amounted to what you might call "loving kindness all round."

In order to get ready for loving-kindness, even in Russia, it was necessary for Trotsky to clear the ground of sundry foolish people who found themselves unable to see entirely eye to eye with him. This he did with the assistance of what he described as "a mild terror."

Quite early in his career as a distributor of loving-kindness we find the gentleman, whose only weapon was an idea, advising his "class enemies" that, perturbed as they might be by the terror already in operation, it was nothing to the terror he had in store for them if they omitted to behave. "It will take a more terrible form on the model of the Terror of the great revolutionaries of France" he averred. "Not a fortress, but the guillotine will be for our enemies."

THAT was in Russia. It is not my purpose to cast doubts on Mr. Trotsky's sincerity or the excellence of his intentions. He wanted the rule of loving-kindness for Russia, as opposed to the rule of a brutal and bloodthirsty Tsardom, and we will go the length of assuming that he may have secured it. But he has had to do it by force.

He wants the rule of loving-kindness for the world at large, but he perceives that if it is ever to be compassed—in a manner satisfactory to himself—it will have to be wholly and solely by force. Hence the man of peace in a helmet with a spike to it. Hence the man of peace turned generalissimo and taking the salutes of other men of peace in spiked helmets on Moscow parade grounds. Hence the fierce Red Armies and their wonderful equipment. The Daddy of Loving-Kindness has discovered that to be "armed only with an idea" isn't much use when everybody you desire to rule is known to be in possession of armaments of a soldier description!

NOW to compare Lord Robert Cecil, of "the League of Nations, to Enforce Peace"—please take particular notice of "enforce"—to compare Lord Robert Cecil with Generalissimo Trotsky were at once a work of rudeness and supererogation. I make no such comparison.

But if I were Lord Robert Cecil, and I loved and believed in my "League to Enforce Peace" as Lord Robert Cecil loves and believes in it—and as every right-thinking person would like to love and believe in it—I would get myself into generalissimo's uniform forthwith.

For how are you going to "enforce" anything without force, and in the long run (and not so very long at that) what is force but fighting power? My submission is that if the League of Nations to Enforce Peace hasn't got the armies of the best part of the civilised world behind it, you can write it down as being of no more good to the civilised world than a headache. And that is how Mussolini appears to have written it down.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



It is a rather lengthy spell
For leisure and enjoyment:
In times so hard they must be glad
Of well-paid unemployment.



The value of the mark we know
Continues still to dwindle.
But still we fear from what we hear
It's just a German swindle.



The living costs and wages are
Supposed to be related.
One's shrunk a lot, the other's not
But still remains inflated.



We've been the dupes too long of those
Who fancied they could crush her:
Let's stop pretence and have some sense
And start to trade with Russia.

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WE UNDERTAKE TO
FIT YOU PERFECTLY.

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One minute from Holborn Hall

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

"DURING the month of February, 1911, my girl cousin married, and in the month of November following, a baby boy was born. Prior to and after this event, her husband—very considerably older than she—treated her with the uttermost cruelty. She was obliged on one occasion to report him to the police for threatening with a razor to take her life, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. After his release he resumed with his wife, but, as he persisted in his cruelty towards her, she left him for good early in 1913.

"I met the woman on March 24, 1913, and I proposed to look after her and her child—and we resolved to live together, which we have done ever since. We have four more children and we are extremely happy and anxious to marry. We both profess the Roman Catholic faith, and are therefore debarred from divorce proceedings. Nothing has been heard of the husband for more than nine years. Can we, by any means, accelerate our marriage, if married we can be? What course would you kindly advise?"

"Humanist" says: I see no reason why you should not marry, if your priest will marry you to your cousin. He may accept your statement that the man is presumably dead. It would be accepted in a court of law as a defence to a charge of bigamy, though, of course, if the man turned up it would make the second marriage invalid. Even then your moral position would be no worse than it is now.

"I AM a girl, 20 years of age, and deemed by my friends to be endowed with a pretty face and a taking disposition. There are, however, very sad features in my life which more than counteract these advantages.

"I have a younger brother ten years of age, and both he and I are tainted with the great white scourge, consumption. Our parents and near relatives have all been carried off by this fell disease, so that we have only ourselves to look to for help.

"Now my brother, as yet, is only in the very early stages while I, my medical adviser tells me, have but a year or eighteen months of life remaining to me. The child's life could be saved by a lengthy sojourn in a home in the South of France, and residence there for three or four years would effect a permanent cure.

"My occupation has led me into a quandary and I ask for your guidance, dear Humanist. I am a typist for a very wealthy business man of 65—a childless widower—and he has fallen deeply in love with me and wishes to marry me. He has even gone so far as to promise a

lavish settlement on the day of our marriage.

"I do not love my employer, but feel that my days are few in this world, and that my brother will be left destitute. Would I be doing an injustice to anyone if I made my wealthy lover happy for a time? By so doing I would save the life of the invalid, for the money settlement would assure him of the necessary treatment in Southern France.

"My employer is unaware of our disease, but would, I feel sure, marry me even if he knew."

"Humanist" says: Tell your elderly lover. If he is the man you think, I am sure that he will help—even if marriage is out of the question. Perhaps your own case is not hopeless. It seems incredible that you should be so far gone, and yet your lover, a man of years and experience, should have no conception of it. Act frankly and promptly. He will surely sympathise with you in your tragic anxiety.

"SIX years ago, when twenty, I met and came to love very much an independent gentleman much older than myself. He returned my affection.

"I am single, but he is married, and had been separated from his wife for eight years. We had both led clean lives. My own life had been absolutely honourable in every sense. After a while he went away, we having decided to try to forget each other. He returned, however, and two years ago we came away together.

"Our affection was very genuine, and mine for him will never lessen, I know. He is, I have found, addicted to drink, but otherwise we had been very happy until the time my baby boy arrived a year ago. Since then he seems to have altered, and I know feels that our child is a nuisance. He has not cared to stay at home at all during the day, and once since his birth has struck me while drunk.

"It would break my heart to part from him, but my baby would be something to live for. Would you judge, being a man, that his affection was lessening for me? Or might it be that the child worries him at times?"

"I long for a hopeful answer from you, but I want the truth as you think it. Should you advise me to go and work for my baby and myself, or shall I try to win back his affection?"

"Humanist" says: By all means try to win back his old affection. Find out if he has any other worries, and if you can, help him to share them. You are an intelligent woman, unlikely to have thrown in your lot with a cad. Patience, courage, cheerfulness, kindness, no doleful looks, no sighs and moans—and you may yet win through to happiness for you and yours.

"I INTEND to put up to regain that honour which by my own weakness I have lost. Employed as commercial traveller for cattle foods, last April I was put on commission. The firm agreed to pay me £4 a week on account of commission, and I took over the district.

"I was paying £1 10s. for my board at home, £1 per week off my motor bicycle, necessary to cover the ground, and thus had, deducting insurance, close on 30s. per week for expenses.

"Ordinary running expenses amounted on an average to about 16s. a day.

"On market days I met my customers and was simply compelled to emulate the example of rivals and stand drinks. It is all wrong. I knew it at the time, but what the deuce could I do? I got myself in a financial mess, worried till life became a veritable hell, then in desperation used some of the money I had collected for the firm, hoping to borrow off relations to put things right. On arriving home one night, a curt letter informed me that owing to the cash not being banked the agency was terminated.

"My father has settled with the firm. He has had to sell securities of about £100 nominal value to clear it. You can imagine the state of affairs at home: I have no chance of any situation now. My character has gone. No society would cover me with a guarantee. I want to get abroad, Humanist; to make a new start in life, away from all past associations. Having no capital and no prospects of raising any, what should I do? My best chance would, I imagine, be Africa. The west coast is fought shy of, and I may obtain a chance in this quarter.

"I don't attempt to make myself out anything but a d— fool, and a criminal fool at that. I do want, however, to have a hard heave at climbing back again.

"During the war I served in 1914 as a Tommy, later was recommended for a commission after being pipped on the Somme and serving four months in Macedonia, and after serving as lieutenant with my old mob up at Ypres, finally gravitated to the Air Force and finished up night bombing to the Armistice.

"Remember, Humanist, I am willing and anxious to start abroad in any capacity, and can rough it willingly as thousands of the boys roughed it a few years ago."

"Humanist" says: I have no fear for you. It does not seem to me that you are the kind of man to go down under one blow—even if your own foolishness invited it. Put the past resolutely behind you. Forget it, but remember its lesson. Perhaps some of my readers with West African influence and information will offer to help.

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others.

The Adopted Son.

"I have educated my nephew, whose mother deserted him, as my son. I have never told him. He loves me, and has gone out into the world to work. Should I tell him?"

It is unnecessary—if you think his mother will never trouble about him. Why give him any sorrow you can avoid?

Girl's Deafness.

"Shall I take the coward's way out? I am a deaf girl and cannot earn my living. I want to do home work, but have no capital!"

Try and look more cheerfully and courageously on life. You are young and strong. Life may yet hold happiness in store for you.

A Bullying Foreman.

"I refuse to stand drinks to my foreman, as the other workers here do. I have been told that my work here will soon finish. When it does I propose to finish the foreman."

Do nothing of the kind. Go to the manager and put your case before him. That is not tale-bearing, but a request for fair-play. And everybody is entitled to that.

An Industrious Wife.

"To help my husband and our children I go out working in the mornings. He would stop me if he knew—as I am not strong. I spend what I earn on the children. Am I doing wrong in deceiving him?"

I do not think I would be justified in telling a wife to deceive her husband. But certainly you are doing nothing wrong in helping him. Good luck to you.

Laziness in a Husband.

"My husband neither smokes nor drinks or gambles. But he is lazy. We have a small holding, and it just keeps us, with his pension and our girl's wages. Is it fair to take my daughter's wages to keep a lazy but otherwise good man?"

Certainly it is not fair to the girl. Are you sure the laziness is not lassitude due to indifferent health? Appeal to him to make an effort for your sake, his own and your daughter's. There is no rule for making a lazy man industrious.

Village Gossip.

"My daughter found herself in trouble. Her fiancé immediately married her, and her child will be born in December. Owing to the housing shortage, they both live with me. The neighbours are beginning to talk. Nobody knows when the marriage took place, except our own family. Can I stop this talk by legal proceedings?"

Pay no attention to it. If you ignore this village gossip it soon dies a natural death. If you show it worries you, the gossips are encouraged. Many mothers have worse troubles than yours.

The Dead Hand.

"My fiancée was requested by her dying mother to look on me as a friend not a lover. She loves me, but reveres her mother's memory and has asked me to break off our engagement. Her father is on my side."

Unfortunately you are in Egypt; she in England. But write to her telling her that it is quite wrong that the dead should sacrifice the living in this way. A request of this kind, from a mother perhaps no longer clear in her faculties, is not a command—and apparently no promise was made, for your fiancée did not know of the request till after her mother's death. She is entitled to consider her own and your happiness, but her attitude is natural and honourable. Urge her to reconsider her offer.

The Employer's Wife.

"Can I interfere with my employer, who is ill-treating his wife? He keeps her short of money, insults her, and sometimes beats her."

Has his wife no friends to help her? You cannot interfere.

Love Under a Handicap.

"I read a Human Document, in which a man asked if he should marry a deaf girl he loved. My husband is deaf, but our home is an ideally happy one, though he is out of work. Love conquers all."

I publish your letter for its message of courage and goodwill. With these two qualities most people can solve their own problems.

The Broken Engagement.

"I bought household furniture which my fiancée now has. We have had a difference of opinion. Can I get this back without going into court?"

There is no help for it. If she will not give it up you must take her to court. But first consider whether you have not got cheaply out of a bad bargain.

A Suspected German.

"A man working at the next bench to me is described as a Swiss (watchmaking). I believe he is a German. He is always sneering at the French and denouncing their Ruhr policy. What should I do?"

If you have any proof, lodge it with the nearest alien registration office. If not pay no attention to him. You can't get people always, and everywhere, to take the same view of politics that you do.

The Landlady's Problem.

"A young man has asked me and my best of husbands to let him rooms for himself and wife and child. I know that she is not his wife, as her husband is a sailor. I don't want to be thought a snob. What should I do?"

Take counsel with your husband. I do not think he will allow you to do what is wrong, and landladies are under no obligation to investigate the private affairs of their lodgers, so long as they behave properly.

Told in Confidence.

"My old schoolgirl friend, married to a sailor, proposes to go away with a lover and take her little boy with her. The husband is a decent chap and my heart bleeds at the thought of his losing his child, and that little child being taken abroad, to sink or swim. Should I tell? The secret was given to me in confidence."

You cannot betray a confidence, because of your sympathy for others. But try to persuade your friend to stay, and show her how cruel it is to rob a father of his child.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Minister of Labour Belaboured

by HARRISON OWEN

BEFORE Mr. Justice Bull and a jury of women, Sir Montague Barlow, Minister of Labour, was charged with having withheld information to which the public was entitled, to wit, figures showing the real, as distinct from the artificial, cost of living.

In pleading "Not guilty," Sir Montague lived up to his reputation as the finest character impersonator in the House of Commons, by giving a couple of lightning twists of his moustache and rearranging his features so that they registered pained surprise.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained that the Ministry of Labour had the task of compiling the official cost of living figures, and the complaint against the accused was that the department concerned itself only with retail prices, so the housewife

had no idea what it should actually cost her to live, but only knew what she was expected to pay for the privilege of living.

"What the Ministry should do," continued Mr. Watchdog, "is to publish

a monthly guide setting forth clearly the prevailing prices, wholesale and retail, of all essential commodities.

Housewives would then have some check upon the flagrant profiteering which is making the spending of money an even more strenuous job than the earning of it. Mr. Godfrey Cheesman, secretary of the National Union of Manufacturers, has compiled some truly amazing figures showing the difference between the manufacturer's price and the retailer's price for various goods. His list shows that umbrellas manufactured at 15s. 6d. are sold by retailers at £2 17s. 6d., blouses sold wholesale for 4s. 11d. are offered by retailers at £1 15s., and firebricks manufactured at 6d. are retailed at 2s. 6d. A still more outrageous



example of the Turpin touch is the fact that potatoes are sold wholesale at £2 a ton, while the retail price works out at £8.

"If in purchasing a blouse for 35s. a woman knew that she was paying more than 335 per cent. above the wholesale price she would make a few remarks which would cause profit-ears to tingle and profiteers to flow; and if she knew that every time she bought a 'spud' she was putting 300 per cent. into the pockets of brigands disguised as middlemen she would doubtless inform her husband: 'Yes, we have no potatoes to-day' until such time as the price came down. But the accused does not permit her to know these things, so, although she sometimes fancies she detects a 300 or 400 per cent. odour, she has to pay through the nose."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that the Ministry of Labour could not dry-nurse the public. If a person paid £2 17s. 6d. for a fifteen-and-sixpenny umbrella it showed that he did not know when to come in out of the wet. The Ministry set out to show how many points the cost of living had risen or fallen, but it was not interested in how many "points" were shown the consumer.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

"Undoubtedly the Ministry should issue a monthly list of wholesale prices," said Mr. Justice Bull; "indeed, I would go further and suggest the issue of special profiteer identification discs, which middlemen selling goods at prices grossly in excess of the cost of manufacture would be compelled to wear. This question of profiteering is one of life and death to the average housewife, and anything the Government can do to ensure that, instead of the middleman getting a great deal, the consumer shall get a fair deal, should be done. Either the department must do something or the profiteer will 'do' the public."

"I direct that until such time as he brings about the reform suggested, the Minister of Labour shall be paid the wage of a day labourer, the wage to be subject to reduction in conformity with decreases shown in the Ministry's cost-of-living index figures. As, however, he has for some time been drawing a salary of £2,000, I do not anticipate that this sentence will break the bank account of Monty Barlow."



Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SUNDAY TIMES":—"Two years ago the number of allotments was 1,400; to-day it has fallen to about 1,000,000."

"DUNDEE COURIER (advert).—"Malt extract with cod liver oil; pound size, 1s.; LARGE SIZES CHEAPER."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"He sat close to the fire nursing a mug of beer with one hand and TALKING WITH THE OTHER."

"SOUTH WALES DAILY POST (advert).—"Vinegar, in SACKS and bottles. Keenest prices in the country."

"LITTLEHAMPTON POST":—" (advert). "Large pram, cheap, suitable two children, ONE LAYING, ONE SITTING."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL":—"Resuming seagoing after an interview of several years, he became seasick and losing his balance fell overboard."

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE":—"The GODMOTHERS will be the Countess of . . . and Mr. Charles Hardy."

"THE POPULAR":—"In my collection there is a complete series of County cricketers, League footballers, actors, jockeys, GARDEN PLANTS, BIRDS' EGGS and other types of SPORTSMEN."

"REFREEE":—"A block of buildings in Fanny Street, Cardiff, was DESTROYED BY FIRE early yesterday and SEVERELY DAMAGED."

"EVENING EXPRESS":—"I am a widow with FOUR children, ONE boy and FOUR girls. The eldest, a boy, is sixteen."

"TIT-BITS":—"Cynthia swung herself free and her eyes FLAMED COLDLY."

"SMART NOVELS":—"She had on WHITE SANDALS but her FEET WERE BARE."

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club are patient and long-suffering. They watch "in and out" running with a certain fretful tolerance, and wait impatiently for local stewards to bestir and interest themselves in the racing which is going on under their eyes. The position of the local stewards, on the other hand, is difficult. Every piece of inconsistent running does not connote fraud, and an immense discretion has to be exercised by those whose duty it is to report the miracles which occur almost daily on every race-course.

The White Bud Case.

Now and again, however, some flagrant case of inconsistency is noted, so barefaced that even local stewards cannot stomach the amazing recoveries that horses make, and such a case was that of White Bud, the owner of which has been warned off.

Let me set forth the races which aroused the Stewards' ire.

Ayr, July 16.	Haydock, Sept. 1.
Orpi .. 9.7, 1	Dinkle .. 7.3, 1
Sun Cure .. 7.3, 2	White Bud .. 8.2, 2
White Bud .. 8.6, 3	Orpi .. 9.4, 3
4 lengths, same.	Won by short head,
8.1 White Bud.	7.4 White Bud.

A Two Stone Recovery.

It would seem that between July 16 and September 1, White Bud made a recovery representing in poundage nearly two stone. And yet every racing man knows that in a three horse race the distances between first, second and third are wholly deceptive. A jockey, finding he is beaten, drops his hands a long way from the post, and distance in that case means nothing. There is a possibility, too, since horses are queerly temperamental things, that both the beating and the price of White Bud at Ayr are to be accounted for.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

YARMOUTH (WEDNESDAY).

- 2.0 Jacynth (Grave and Gay, Green Isle).
- 2.30 O'Dorney (Blue Cheviot).
- 3.0 Martinique (Ilma Demurska, London Pride).
- 3.30 Maple Sugar (Palomides, Free from Pride).
- 4.0 All Green (Souloque, Jubilent).
- 4.30 Cabbage (or Rubber).

YARMOUTH (THURSDAY).

- 2.0 Scandalous (Jingu, Lady Wedgwood).
- 2.30 Esther Faa f (Erne, His Lordship).
- 3.0 Romagna (Golden Error, Agenda).
- 3.30 False Alarm (Werwolf, Lady Catfield).
- 4.0 Kitten on the Keys (Ballast, Katinka).
- 4.30 Blue Cheviot.

AYR (WEDNESDAY).

- 2.0 Lucania (Stage Favourite, Crimson Sun).
- 2.30 Theology (Cook Laird, Double Gift).
- 3.10 Parth (Lambton's Sol).
- 3.40 Porus (Emulsion, Windswept).
- 4.15 Sansone (Peroration, Mansouriyah).
- 4.45 Impetuous (Young Pole).

AYR (THURSDAY).

- 2.0 Ardsall (Corcel, Kennithorpe).
- 2.30 Sure Gain (Demoniac).
- 3.10 Silver Band (Forerunner, Bowood).
- 3.40 All Green (Honan, Mosale).
- 4.10 Carpathus (Monk of Blyth, Moabite).
- 4.45 Joss House (Poetaster or Wittol).
- 5.15 Jazz Band (Phantom Bold, Brisl).

AYR (FRIDAY).

- 1.45 Black Miner (Woodrow, Pivotal).
- 2.15 Seta Devi (Cook Laird, John Wallop).
- 2.45 Honan (Theology, Phalara).
- 3.20 Ayr Gold Cup: A.B.C. (Meteoric, Portage).
- 3.50 Torlonia (Craig Eleyr, Silver Square).
- 4.20 Celtic Mist (Highbrow, Munster's Pride).

WINDSOR (FRIDAY).

- 2.0 Phat (Bengal, Vic's Choice).
- 2.30 Glenhelen (Oakshoe, Pomona).
- 3.0 Kinnaird (Dumas, Gay Canopy).
- 3.30 Glenaele (Patty Cury, Gulocchi).
- 4.0 Maud Primrose s. (Donner, Cockpit).
- 4.30 Heliope (Castile, Charlady).

WINDSOR (SATURDAY).

- 2.0 Well Shot (Golly Eyes, Morcel).
- 2.30 Racer (Irish Skies, Ecstasy).
- 3.0 Norreman (Thoughtless, Argo).
- 3.30 Soldier Song (London Pride, Speculator).
- 4.0 Psycho (Gypsy, Perfect Form).
- 4.30 Lord of Burghley (Sunny Rose, Boulovers).

It Happens Every Day.

Every week of racing we see the same thing happening. Explanations are either uncalled for or, if demanded, are accepted. I am not holding a brief for Mr. Dingley (whom I do not know and have never met) or for the cautioned Mr. McCall. I merely point out that it is unfair to accept as proved the corrupt intentions of an owner because his horse was well beaten in a three-horse and possibly false run race in July, and beat his conqueror two months later.

No Hope of Winning.

As I say, I hold no brief for any of the people concerned. It is a fact, however, as you know and every one of us knows, that horses, good horses, are run daily with no hope of winning. The most the owner can do is to keep his betting book closed and indicate to the public, by the very position of the horse in the market, that he is not expected.

Ancient History.

I am not going to say very much about the St. Leger. Once more a comparative outsider won, and the disappointing Parth finished fourth. It is very good to see an owner of Lord Derby's standing accumulate so fine a stake. Papyrus did not stay out the distance, but ran a remarkably fine race. Of the others, Parth, Twelve Pointer and Ellangowan are certain to win races before the year is out. I am still of the opinion that Parth is a mudlark and wants the ground very soft before he can do his best. Twelve Pointer's best distance is seven furlongs to a mile.

Papyrus.

The final arrangements have been made to ship Papyrus to America. I do not think that the St. Leger running in any way detracts from his chance—in fact, he probably ran his best in that event. Zev is fit again and is, apparently, the horse that will oppose him.

Tips from America.

It will be great fun for the special correspondents who accompany him, and the pity is that the Jockey Club does not send a representative to pick up a few hints—and American race tracks have more than a few to give. The placing of the judge's box and the institution of the Field Judge are two.

The judge's box is so placed that the judge looks down on the horses as they pass him. On some tracks a wire is stretched across the course so that he cannot possibly make a mistake. By the way, have you seen the photograph taken of the finish of the race won by Invermay? The judge said that the second and third ran a dead-heat! Have a good look at the picture.

Timing the "Tryouts."

In America, the time test is everything. All the training gallops are timed and published in the newspapers. The "tryouts" (which aren't trials in the strict sense of the word) are watched by clockers, who are very frank about whether a jockey is "putting it all in."

Personally, I prefer the American method of describing a race. The "charts" are most useful, and you can see at a glance the position every horse occupied every two or three furlongs. There are a lot of racing "experts" who do not like this method—but they didn't like the starting gate, and they hate the idea of any innovation except those which are made for their own personal comfort.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap.

This, the chief race on the opening day at Yarmouth, is well patronised by Newmarket trainers. If only Topboot could be relied upon to do his best, I should



not look elsewhere for the winner. Free From Pride will take a lot of beating, and I shall expect Harry Tate to put up a different performance here. He had all the bad luck when unplaced at Hurst Park. Cadabra has missed several engagements lately for this race, and is bound to go close. I make him my choice.

Hastings Nursery.

Servulus is a useful colt, and, if fancied here, will go near winning. Jubilant disappointed last time out and may do better here. I noticed Magnum Bonum going very well with Thistle Glass the other day, and, if sent to run here, he will be dangerous to the best. I like, too, Maple Copee f., the bottom weight. She has been out several times without getting placed, but I still have confidence in her winning a race when seriously fancied, which so far has not been the case. H. Leach will ride, claiming the allowance, and in naming Maple Copee f. and Magnum Bonum, I think I have found the winner.

Gorleston Nursery Handicap.

In this very open race a lot of well-fancied youngsters will be seen out. Grand Joy has been going as well as anything in C. Marsh's string. He has several engagements near at hand, and will probably win one of them. Jacynth and Mixed Double are both speedy, and likely nursery winners before the season ends. Count Vivian has been going well in gallops with El Tofan and Shanogue c., and, if sent to run here, will go close. However, I think Esther Faa f. will beat all comers.

Kyle Stakes.

Poetaster or Wittol will go very near winning this race. I think the selected will be Wittol. Both animals have been going with rare dash lately, and have been well prepared for the meeting. Joss House will doubtless take a lot of beating, but I think the winner will be found in J. Jarvis' selected, which I take to be Wittol.

Plack, one of J. Jarvis' two-year-olds, has done well since winning at Hurst Park, and is greatly fancied for the Land of Burns Nursery Handicap on Friday. He should be a good each-way investment.

I understand that Poetaster will run for the Ayr Gold Cup on Friday, for which race he has had a good preparation, and is thought to have a really good chance. Back him each way.

Merry Wives Nursery, Windsor.

Clear Dance is very useful, and, as expected, went very close for the Palestine Nursery, running a good second to Purple Shade. If escaping a penalty and seen out here, he should not be overlooked. The best has not yet been seen of the good-looking Precocious, who was well galloped with Soldier Song before going to Derby. He did not run up to expectations at that meeting, and might do better here. Nothing appeals to me more, however, than Clear Dance. If sent for this, he should win.

Ducks and Drakes will be seen out at Newbury. He is very well, and whatever beats him will win the Highclere Nursery.

Ceylonesse.

All those connected with this horse are perfectly satisfied as regards his weight in the Cesarewitch, and no animal trained here looks or goes better. He has thickened out nicely, and looks more like a Cesarewitch winner than he did last year. He has been backed to win a good stake already, and, if all goes well, will

probably start a good favourite at a very short price.

Osmunda, a two-year-old trained by Gilpin, has yet to see a racecourse, but has been well galloped, and is reckoned about the same animal as Clear Dance.

L.S.D. will pay to follow. This is a useful colt, who will probably be seen out at Leicester, with Ferryman taking the 5 lbs. allowance. Make a note of this one.

BOXING.

Dempsey v. Firpo.

Four to one was laid on Dempsey to beat the giant Argentine and, although Dempsey won in the second round, he very nearly lost the world's championship when Firpo punched him out of the ring into the Press seats. Ninety thousand people paid over four hundred thousand pounds to see the spectacle, which lasted just under four minutes! Eighty thousand pounds for Dempsey and twenty thousand for Firpo is, probably, the biggest purse the boxing world has ever known.

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

London Cry's brace of recent victories should call attention to his sire, Call o' the Wild, who seems to have been somewhat neglected by breeders.

A note may profitably be made of the fact that neither Santolina nor Phalange was quite at their best when competing at Derby recently.

Pharos has been moving in greatly improved form at exercise lately, and will probably pick up one or two nice races this back-end.

Soubriquet seems to have an aversion from certain courses, and this being the case, it is quite likely she will attempt the task of winning the Duke of York Stakes for the second year in succession.

Mumtas Mahal's next appearance in public will probably be at the Newmarket Second October Meeting. She has choice of two engagements—the Cheveley Stakes for two-year-old fillies only and the Middle Park Plate.

The Ball Game.

THE Nottingham Clubs have forced themselves very much into the limelight this season and their excellent records up to date should result in a "ground full" notice at Meadow Lane this week-end, when the County meet the Forest. It will be a match of stirring scenes and the probability is that the points will be divided. Home teams with the best chances of winning are West Bromwich, the Spurs, Newcastle United, Manchester City, West Ham and Birmingham. Sheffield United on top-form are good enough to win at Chelsea and Villa at Preston, and Huddersfield, I think, can beat Everton even at Liverpool. I expect a draw in the games between Burnley and Liverpool.

Division II. Prospects.

In the Second Division one cannot afford to miss Bury as probable home winners, and other home teams who should win are Derby County, Hull City, Leicester, Oldham, South Shields and Stoke. Southampton and Fulham are the most likely away winners and probable draws are Crystal Palace v. Blackpool and Stockport v. Bradford City.

With the Scots.

In the Scottish League I shall look for away victories for the Celtic, St. Mirren, Kilmarnock, and the Airdrieonians and home wins for the Rangers, Raith Rovers, Morton, Hibernians, Dundee. Hamilton v. Falkirk looks like being drawn.

Division I. Necessity.

West Ham are having an early bitter experience of the necessity in First Division football of efficient reserves. It was rank bad luck to get Victor Watson crooked in an early match and

Sportsmen

MILE

three lost points can be tracked to his absence. Still I think we shall be hearing a lot of young Fletcher in a year or two. He seems to me to be a born centre-forward, who has only to acquire that full knowledge of tactics and professional play to be a fine leader.

Rovers Going Well.

Bristol Rovers are hoping to follow their neighbours, the City, into the Second Division, and their form up to date makes them out to have a good fighting chance. They are very sound in defence and in their first five matches only sacrificed three goals. Their forwards also are good, and particularly Phillips, who is on the small side, but has a powerful shot.

Box of Tricks.

Middlesbrough's position in the League table does not do their talent full justice. There are few teams with a more thoughtful plan of campaign and anyone who likes to see artistic football with the ball kept low all the time could not do better than watch the Teesiders. They are unquestionably good football artists and will be too good for the majority of teams they meet, unless I am mistaken. Little Cochrane, the Glasgow boy, at inside left, is a box of tricks and a match winning forward, whilst Andy Wilson and George Elliott are as good as ever. The "Boro" will move up soon.

Shields all Right.

South Shields, despite the fact that financial worry led them to part with two such great backs as Cresswell and Maitland, are as good a team now as two years ago, and that is saying a lot. Mr. J. W. Tinn, their secretary, is an excellent judge of a footballer, and in Hardy the Durham team have a centre-half whom many of the big League clubs would be delighted to transfer. Their forwards are also very speedy and waste no time on the road to goal. They will take some beating.

Barnley Disappoint.

Barnley have not been steadied down so much as they thought would be the case by the introduction of Hill of Plymouth Argyle at centre-half. In the South, Hill's praises were sung very highly and he is undoubtedly a footballer with ability, but he is finding the first Division game a different proposition to that in the Southern section. Barnley are passing through a lean time at the moment, but will come again.

Surprising.

It is a surprise to me that Notts County are doing so well. I only saw them twice last season, but they did not strike me as a lot of wonders, especially as all the backs thought about was to throw the opposing forwards off-side. That the County should put up such good play against teams with greater reputation shows, however, their football is better than it looks.

Dashing Gill.

Gill is playing some great football in the Cardiff attack. The last time I saw him he played as well as any inside-right in the country could have done, and as I have before remarked, it is not many defences that are going to stop the Cardiff forwards with Gill such an inspiring force and a fine shot.

Bolton Wise.

Bolton are pleased they did not carry out intentions and drop John Smith just before the Cup final. His success in that "game" was such that it gave Smith the little bit of confidence he needed and this season he is playing on top of his

form. Smith is not of the rushing type but he distributes the ball nicely and is difficult to stop when he goes down the middle on his own.

BRAWNY BUT GOOD.

J. McNAB, the Liverpool half-back, is a man that opposing forwards do not like running into. A man of six foot and an inch, and corresponding weight with it, is this dour Scot.

McNab went to Liverpool as an understudy to Bamber, but when he got his chance in the first team he grabbed it, and he has been in the champion League eleven ever since.

McNab's bulk, of course, prevents him being a stylist. In fact he looks a bit clumsy in action. Still there are no points in football for style. When it comes to effectiveness McNab is a different proposition.



McNab for a big man is surprisingly fast, and what is more he can turn exceedingly quickly, a great asset to a half-back. But it is probably his anticipation that has taken him so far in the game.

He has an uncanny notion of any development. While great in defence, McNab can also do his share in aggression. Like all Scots he knows where and when to part with the ball, and when he does he shoves it along the ground, not up in the air. Dozens of Liverpool goals have come from a McNab delivery.

The Scottish selection committee had their eye on McNab last season, and there are still hopes for him.

FORECASTS FOR SEPT. 29.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.
*Aston Villa, Bolton, Cardiff City,
*Huddersfield, *Liverpool, Middlesbrough, *Sheffield United, Sunderland.

Away Winners.
*West Bromwich, Birmingham.

Draws.
*Notts Forest v. Notts County.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.
*Barnley, *Blackpool, Bradford City, Fulham, Leeds United, Manchester United, *Southampton.

Away Winners.
*Derby County, *Leicester.

Draws.
*Clapton v. Bury, Nelson v. Stoke.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.
Ashington, Grimsby, Hartlepool, *New Brighton, Rochdale, Walsall, *Wolves, *Wrexham.

Away Winners.
*Tranmere Rovers.

Draws.
*Doncaster v. Rotherham, Southport v. Bradford.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.
*Brighton, Merthyr, *Northampton, *Plymouth, Rangers, Reading.

Away Winners.
*Swansea, Portsmouth, *Bristol Rovers.

Draws.
Boscombe v. Aberdare, *Millwall v. Charlton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.
*Airdrieonians, *Falkirk, *Hearts, Motherwell, Raith Rovers, St. Mirren.

Away Winners.
Dundee.

Draws.
*Aberdeen v. Celtic, Queen's Park v. Hibs.

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

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NERVES OF NEURITIS.

Starved Nerves are the Cause.

Neuritis is the medical term for inflammation of the nerves. It is characterised by excruciating pain, which is usually worse at night.

Neuritis is common among persons reduced in strength by overwork, anxiety or some form of over-exertion, either mental or physical. The actual cause of the trouble is usually poorness of blood. The reason is this—the nerves get their nourishment through the blood; when the blood is thin and weak, it cannot furnish this nourishment. The nerves then become inflamed, and neuritis pains result.

There is only one way to cure neuritis—through the blood; so treatment must be directed towards building up the blood. That is why Dr. Williams' pink pills are so successful in cases of neuritis. The new rich blood created by these pills feeds the nerves, the inflammation subsides, and the pain vanishes.

Begin now to build up your nerves by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of chemists, or 3s. 6d. per box, post free, from address below. Good for men and women too.

FREE.—Every neuritis sufferer should read "The Nerves and their Needs," sent free to all who write to F.C. Dept. 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

The Vaccination Riddle.

When there is held the inquiry on vaccination which you urge, if it be proven that vaccination does protect against smallpox, perhaps we shall also be informed whether or not vaccination makes the vaccinated more liable to other diseases. Some anti-vaccinationists have noticed that although smallpox has decreased, cancer, tuberculosis, and insanity have increased.—J. G. P., Tintagel.

The Love Child.

Is it generally known that if the father of a single woman's child accompanies the mother to register the child, and both man and woman sign together, the child may legally take the father's name? I do not believe it is usually pointed out by the registrar; but I am sure, were it known, many men and women would take advantage of it.—Mrs. M. E. C., Bridgewater.

The Swearing Parade.

With reference to a soldier's views on "compulsory Church service," I should like to air a sailor's opinion on the same subject. As long as compulsory methods are adopted in this respect, divine service in the Navy will continue to be an absolute disgrace. To be driven to church, and in consequence look upon it as an unpleasant duty, results in a mockery. Should these compulsory methods be used? The "Lower-Deck" answers, "NO!" to a man.—Morris, Portsmouth.

Administration of Justice.

Is it not about time that some alteration was made in the appointing of persons to sit on the Bench in our local Police courts? It gives one a feeling of contempt for the law at times to watch these gentry in the various ways they adopt and to hear some of their judgments. I say without fear of any contradiction that the majority of them have not one iota of knowledge, are beyond grasping the true elements of the cases they try, and possess scarcely any legal knowledge. If magistrates were chosen from the barristers and solicitors, we should not hear so much rubbish from the Bench.—M. Whittaker, Manchester.

Ourselves Last.

When a catastrophe like the Japanese earthquake occurs, the British people are intensely shocked, and a fund is immediately opened for the sufferers. How is it, then, that our people are so apathetic in matters concerning the very life of our nation? There are children being born in England to-day, who have the same certainty of untimely deaths as the unfortunate Japanese, through overcrowding, unemployment of parents and other adverse conditions. Yet an unusual, though natural, occurrence thousands of miles away impresses the public mind in a manner that the preventable disasters at home fail to arouse.—W. L. S., Belfast.

Commission and Omission.

Cannot some steps be taken to prevent the insertion of advertisements in the daily papers for Salesmen by firms who pay "commission only"? Surely it would be better to pay a salary for the first few weeks and thus give a man a chance to get over his difficult period. Many a salesman has been "killed" by failures during the first week or so, and his time is wasted; whereas, had he had encouragement and support, he might have made a very useful man. The reputation of a business house depends on the traveller, and surely a man could be trusted with a few pounds as well as his firm's reputation. There is a vast difference between selling, bred of confidence and selling, bred of desperation.—H. H. B., Herne Hill, S.E.

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Names and addresses essential, not necessarily for publication.

Wire from Sir Ian Hamilton.

Mass opinion of tens of thousands of ex-Service men I have addressed is in favour of Comprehensive League of European Nations which will fearlessly dispense Justice to weak and strong alike.—Ian Hamilton.

Service Pay Reductions.

The Government is guilty of a very mean form of chicanery in reducing the pays in the Navy, Army and Civil Service. The glaring iniquity is that those in high places in both services are not to be affected. Were it an all-round reduction the public might believe that the desire for economy was genuine; here it is abundantly clear that, as usual, the under-dog must suffer. The economy is paltry and will be ill-advised if it impairs what small fighting forces we still retain.—John W. Sinclair, Leith.

Now for an Argument!

Women of to-day, or at any rate the advanced advocates of their rights, claim that when they do the same work as men they are entitled to the same wages. But as a man can do almost all the work a woman can, and do it with a greater degree of general efficiency, it appears to me that women are defeating their own ends. It is obvious that if an employer has to pay the same wages to a woman as he pays to a man he will reject the former in favour of the latter.—W. L. S., Cape Town.

Overcrowding in Trains.

Trains have been so overcrowded that adults and little children have everywhere been herded in a way that would not be allowed by the law in respect of animals. In several cases this has happened in old-fashioned carriages with an entire absence of lavatory accommodation, involving considerable physical suffering—especially to children; and in those instances where this convenience was available, it has been used as additional accommodation. There are cases I can vouch for of women being so oppressed by these conditions as to have suffered ill-health. Is it logical that whereas no railway company dare ill-treat animals by this overcrowding, it remains immune from any form of penalty if their victims are human beings?—S. Sleight, Ipswich.

What's Wrong with Marriage?

Working-class wives are invariably dumb on this subject. May I break the silence? I was a mill lass, earning a good wage, comfortable, free and happy. I married an artisan with a decent job, and for a time our matrimonial experiment was a success. Then the babies came—and some fault-finding on his side, and some nagging on mine. We had exchanged ease and comfort for worry and work—and we had not prepared ourselves for the change. Therein lies the tragedy of many marriages. Young people rarely visualise the future, or have been taught how best to face it. Only deep affection and true respect can survive the test of living together.—"Kamill Law," Birmingham.

The All-British Hotels!

Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, says that no alien is permitted to take up work in this country that can be done by a British man or woman. Mr. Bridgeman evidently did not intend to include hotels and restaurants in his category of work, or his knowledge of these establishments must be very limited indeed. Thousands of foreigners are employed in British hotels and restaurants in positions that could quite easily be filled by many of our own people who are suffering through unemployment.—M. Deadman, MIlcham.

Night Treatment for Patients.

A visit to any hospital in the morning will show the out-patients to be almost entirely composed of women and children. Is this because men are immune from disease requiring hospital treatment, or what is more likely, that they are unable frequently to absent themselves from employment to attend once a fortnight for treatment (as required by the hospital authorities)? It would be of great benefit to working men if treatment could be obtained at least once a week in the evening.—Edward Bird, Maida Vale, W.

Any Cigarette Pickshers, Sir?

The extraordinary enterprise of the hunters of cigarette cards is becoming one of the minor annoyances of most large towns, at least for the male population. Regarding the pursuit of unoffending cigarette smokers as a kind of sport, these boys take the most serious risks, which sometimes involve danger not only to themselves, but also to their prey. Dismounting from a bus or tram-car, an urchin darts in front of you and cries, "Gimme cigarette card," and in your efforts to avoid him you run the chance of colliding with a taxi or some other moving vehicle.—"Relax," Manchester.

Casting Off Our Heroes.

Relatives in Australia inform me that the colonists there are becoming increasingly suspicious of the policy of our Government in continuing to encourage British emigration to their land. Many of them believe that our leaders, although quite cognizant of the true state of affairs over there, are wittingly throwing on to Australia our burden of unemployed. One letter points out that Perth (a city of West Australia with quite a moderate population) has 1,200 unemployed, and yet there are arriving weekly some 300 to 400 new settlers. "Well may we Australians think," the letter concludes, "that the homeland is quite ungrateful to her ex-heroes, and we feel sure that the present policy is a mean attempt to cast them off, in an impoverished condition, on to a colony as little able as herself to support them."—Frederick Fortescue, Hull.

214
Insurance Benefits
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NOW PAID
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The names of those who benefit this week unavoidably held over owing to lack of space

ARE YOU AFRAID OF GOING BALD?

Amazing Discovery of Hair
Growing Secret.

PROVED BY 1,000 DOCTORS.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE.

If you are afraid of going bald, if your hair causes you the slightest anxiety, if it is dry and brittle, full of scurf and dandruff, if it is falling out, even if you are bald, send a card at once for a free copy of an intensely interesting 32-page Illustrated Book about the startling hair-growing discovery that has caused such a sensation in medical circles.

So amazing has been the success of this new hair food, Humagolan, that a special complimentary edition of its explanatory treatise has been prepared, and you should apply at once by letter or postcard to make sure of obtaining your free copy. It gives in clear, easy to understand language full details of the discovery that has revolutionised hair treatment. And it tells how Humagolan has conquered hair troubles that have hitherto defied every form of treatment.

For years scientists have known that all hair troubles come because the hair roots are starved of their proper nutriment. Dr. David Walsh, M.D. Edin., points out: "Like other tissues of the body, including teeth and bone, hair derives its nourishment from the blood."

It is entirely through supplying to the blood the elements needed by the hair roots of the head that Humagolan has achieved its amazing successes.

NEARLY A THOUSAND DOCTORS

and leading British hospitals have proved that it does cure hair troubles and brings a luxuriant growth of hair to the head that was going bald. They were sceptical at first. Now they are enthusiastic about this the real hair food. From the moment the treatment is commenced Humagolan stops the hair from falling out, and it begins to grow stronger and thicker; bald patches disappear and natural vigorous growth is resumed. Humagolan has been known to effect this wonderful change in the short space of a fortnight. Success can practically be guaranteed with one month's course of treatment. Many wise people who rejoice in good heads of hair take Humagolan regularly to preserve its health. It will improve even the most beautiful hair.

If you have the slightest anxiety about your hair, if you are faced every morning with Nature's warning, do not delay! Send a letter or a card for a special free copy of the intensely interesting 32-page illustrated book on Hair Troubles and How to Cure them.

It tells in clear, easy-to-understand language all about this wonderful Humagolan, and gives much valuable advice on how to treat the hair, including chapters on Hygiene of the hair, Your brush and comb, Scurf and dryness, Greasy hair, Splitting hair, Baldness, Nervous and Constitutional Troubles, Loss of colour, Greyness, Alopecia, What the Doctors say, etc.

DO NOT DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY.

Do not hesitate to apply for a copy. It is sent to you *post free* and implies no obligation on your part whatever.

If you care to state in confidence any particulars concerning the nature of your hair trouble, a personal letter of advice will be sent free of all obligation on your part.

Applications for this valuable Booklet should be addressed to:—

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These coats can also be supplied in Navy Blue, guaranteed fast dye, at 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering by post give your height and chest measurement (taken over waistcoat).

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At most of Curzon's shops a hosiery department has been added, where can be seen a large stock of autumn and winter underwear, shirts, pyjamas, socks, etc. Only good quality articles, but at extremely low prices.

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If you are not completely satisfied, return goods at once, and full amount paid will be instantly refunded.



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My height is

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WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the Editor and Staff of *John Bull*. An expert staff deals with Legal, Financial, Service and Pension inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

C. H. (Dundee).—"I will not have the law crammed down my throat." Quite right. You'd soon get fed up if you did.

K. McB. (Cambuslang).—"It was over an apple that Adam the first got into trouble." He certainly got the pip.

G. H. (Taplow).—"To me, there's music in everything." Hope there's plenty of notes in your pocket.

S. S. (Hammersmith).—"My orchestra play only the very latest dance music." Then you're one of the fellows that give us the Blues.

W. R. (—).—"And now, after all the trouble I have been put to, I've been turned out of the house." Which, no doubt explains why there's no address on your letter.

STUTT (Bowes Park).—"The actor cannot hope to stay long in public favour unless he recognises that he is the public servant." But, in our experience, servants very seldom stay long.

GINGER (Winchester).—"Is it the proper thing for a house parlour-maid and a cook to do their own washing?" If the mistress is busy otherwise, why not?

B. M. (Shipley).—"At first my family considered me invention mad, but now I am gratified to say they have given me the sign of approval." That's thumbs up.

S. P. (Hornchurch).—"Comparatively few authors have been honoured by their King and Country." But, on the other hand, all books without exception are given titles.

YORKIE (Eaton, S.O.).—"You don't seem to understand that the grass that comes after the hay has been gathered is called fog in Yorkshire." Thanks! You've cleared the air nicely.

J. C. E. (Finsbury Park).—"If I was what they call a 'work-shy,' I wouldn't have got the job." If you had been really a work-shy, you wouldn't have applied for it.

FIREMAN'S WIFE (Hammersmith).—"Perhaps you will put this letter in your W.P.B.?" No madame! We are preserving it as a perfect example in polite letter-writing.

T. R. K. (Leeds).—"There's plenty of talk about all the money a Scotsman is supposed to make and hang on to, but there's plenty of them hard up, notwithstanding." As you say, notwithstanding.

W. B. D. (Todmorden).—"When I wrote to the people I thought to be my friends, those few who took the trouble to reply said they were too hard-up to assist me." Alas! some fell on stony ground.

Lax (Halifax).—"The brainy centre forward all the time keeps his eye on the goal." Correct! That's where he scores.

O. M. (Liverpool).—"Financially, the country is up against a wall." All the more reason why we must put our backs to it.

R. E. (Hull).—"Whenever I start writing letters my pen simply runs away with me." Then you should easily be first at the post.

A. E. C. (Todmorden).—"The majority of Lancashire workers can't afford tram fares and so they're champion walkers." Yes, sir! with clogs on.

B. T. (Belfast).—"When it comes to the bit, there's nothing like a drop of whisky." The stuff we had last night was just like that!

J. P. (Boar Hill).—"You have made a little mistake, I am not Mrs., but Miss." Then we can't think what the young-fellows in the district are thinking about.

JIM BOY (Willesden).—"You know the old advice about a stitch in time saves nine." Don't remind us, we might get the needle.

ETHEL (Golders Green).—"You will be glad to hear I have taken a leaf out of your book." Good, hope it will keep the cold out.

J. K. M. (Barnet).—"To get really good silk stockings, what steps should I take?" Just take steps to avoid the ladders.

FOND MUM (Peterborough).—"My son has a large head, do you think it's a sign of success?" It's certainly a sign that he'll have to wear large hats.

TIMMY (Bolton).—"What would you suggest as the best way of spending a holiday in November?" Order half a ton of coals and buy yourself an eiderdown.

TIMOTHY (Bristol).—"There's no doubt that Hendren was out of his crease." We know a pair of trousers that got into the same trouble.

T. F. (Lewisham).—"The Allies are supposed to have won the war, but have we won the fruits of victory?" Yes! We have no bananas.

J. P. (Kilburn).—"Most people will agree that lovers should have the right to use the Parks before anybody." But most lovers select the spots where there's practically nobody.

T. F. (Cardiff).—"When the war was raging, I did my bit as a miner." We did ours as a Major.

Mrs. H. (Romford).—"Are women as clever as men?" Win the *Bullet* £1,000 this week and prove it.

SWAIL (Hampstead).—"Do you believe that dreams come true?" Yes, we've got several working in our office.

J. G. (Elie).—"You can't judge a person's age by the fact that they wear spectacles." We can see through that all right.

L. J. J. (Durban).—"In May last I wrote you an article but did not see it in print." Now there's a coincidence! We didn't see it either.

P. C. (Stratford).—"The boss can't stand a joke, so I suppose he'll turn me down on Saturday." Unless you turn it up before then.

W. T. (Luton).—"Outside of a decent pension is there any money in the police force?" There's plenty of coppers anyhow.

JOHNNY BOY (Kensal Rise).—"I'm a great believer in the stars." Yes, but there are a good many music hall agents who are losing confidence.

K. O. (Windsor).—"My son wants to be a sailor." So sorry we can't help you—we suggest that he should take a correspondence course.

H. P. (—).—"There are considerate and inconsiderate motorists and the percentage of the latter is on the increase." So is the number of the latter's victims.

P. R. P. (Montreal).—"If the Communists secure control of the old country, the Empire will fall to pieces I'm afraid." Don't be afraid, lad, we're with you.

SURPRISED (Nottingham).—"I'll bet a dollar you won't answer this letter." Then you lose. Send your dollar to our "Greatest of These" Fund.

T. B. (Abergoed).—"I am a South Wales miner and my ambition is to make the attempt to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel." Better go down the mine, daddy.

W. M. (Johnstone).—"No matter what you send, or take into America, you are obliged to pay duty." Sir! That's the customs of the country!

J. H. (Renfrew).—"A little publicity would soon cause prices to come down." Precisely! That's exactly why we advise our readers to buy advertised goods.

WISBEARE (Hull).—"Has it ever occurred to you that eating takes away your appetite?" Sure! but only temporarily.

L. T. (Hellifield).—"There is only one cure for insomnia. The sufferer must make his mind a blank and think of nothing." Good! Next time we can't sleep we'll think of you.

S. P. (Lewes).—"If you will go through the enclosed correspondence I think you will agree that the bank manager was foolish to refuse me." We do agree—with the bank manager.

N. E. (Long Eaton).—"My ambition is to be a jockey; can you help me?" Sorry, son, we can't give you a leg up.

P. W. (Port Stewart).—"Stoutness in my case is hereditary. It runs in the family." Hope it doesn't run to the head.

B. G. (Colchester).—"As time goes on I find it more and more difficult to meet my creditors." The difficulty most people experience is to avoid them.

K. R. R. (Aberystwyth).—"It's the spirit of the law that should be observed, not the letter." All depends on whose letter it is.

Mrs. A. McD. (Govanhill).—"The woman opposite spends half her time looking across at me." So long as she does not look cross at you, why worry?

F. Y. (Lowestoft).—"Can't you do something to lower the income tax?" At the moment we are fully occupied trying to raise ours.

A. S. (Wellingboro').—"How would you like to carry a pick and shovel 123 miles?" We'd very much prefer to send them on as luggage in advance.

S. P. T. (Lanark).—"I have only one meat meal a week from choice." There's a great many people who have to follow the same rule, from necessity.

R. P. (—).—"The tenor in our male voice quartette periodically has spasms of hiccoughs." Sounds more like the Bass to us.

J. T. B. (Brighton).—"The front here at Brighton is over-run with toy dogs." It should be rechristened the Pom-anade.

STRIPPY (Rotherham).—"When I was discharged from the army after the war I went into the 'coal business.' So you're still in the firing line.

HAPPY (Manningham).—"Our children wait up every night until their father comes home to tell them a bed-time story." We tell ours to the wife.

C. J. R. (Victoria, S.W.).—"The modern woman means to lead her own life. She refuses to be tied down." Then she shouldn't get tied up.

JORY (York).—"I'm glad your are taking such strong measures." In other words you are pleased we have got him taped.

H. T. (Tufnell Park).—"I think the person mentioned has got a cool cheek." We were under the impression that he had a hot head.

JOAN (Aberaman).—"I would like to know what you think of my views." Are you the lady who has been sending us picture postcards?

P. B. (Darlington).—"I have never seen things in your light." We must apologise for having left you so long in the dark.

HARRY F. (Liverpool).—"Personally, I think things want tightening up." A splendid opportunity for those who are at a loose end.

G. K. (Stafford).—"Two or three thoughtful words spoken at the right time will very often help to cheer up a despondent man." "What's yours," for instance.

A. G. C. (Cardiff).—"In addition to a wife and four children I look after my old mother and, believe me, I have to work like a nigger to do it." Then you're a white man.

J. F. T. (Catford).—"I travel from one end of the country to the other, and I have come to the conclusion that the Birmingham girl is matchless." We frequently find ourselves without a box ourselves.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil

Free!

HAD YOURS YET?

Turn to page 2 now before the offer closes.



HOW TO CLEAR ALL URIC ACID, KIDNEY & LIVER POISONS OUT OF THE SYSTEM



Typical Specimen of Uric Acid Crystals highly magnified. No wonder they hurt!

Medical Men decide salted water is the quickest permanent remedy for organic disorders causing rheumatism, Bright's disease, stomach trouble, etc.

By ALICE LANDLEY
(Certified Nurse).

Clogged, sluggish and congested liver, kidneys or intestines, with the attendant rheumatism, langour, biliousness, defective vision, catarrh, indigestion and impure blood, should never be neglected. They mean constipation, "the beginning of all disease," for dangerous toxins are then being constantly absorbed straight into the blood, although sufferers seldom even suspect the real cause of all their troubles. Powerful mixtures and drugs like calomel (mercury) may irritate the liver to convulsive action, but do not stop adherence to walls of the intestines nor cleanse and strengthen the delicate

network of secretory ducts and absorbent glands. For this latter purpose doctors agree there is no solvent, cleansing and blood-purifying agent equal to the deposits of certain natural medicinal waters. These deposits are obtainable at slight cost from any chemist as pure refined Alkia Saltrates. Take before breakfast a level teaspoonful of this pleasant-tasting compound in a half-tumbler of water, and notice how all symptoms of rheumatic or other body poisons vanish within two or three days, and you begin to enjoy life as Nature intended. Mental effort and concentration become easy again, hard work a pleasure and any pain or constant tired feeling will disappear. Even gall-stone or other painful concretions of sharp uric acid crystals and impure mineral salts may thus be eliminated. Avoid all strong cathartic pills, patent medicines, lowering salts, drugs or highly alcoholic stimulants; eat moderately, and drink occasionally a little salted water—Nature's own blood clarifier, uric acid solvent and eliminant of all impurities—then you need never fear a recurrence.—A. L.

Meltis Dessert CHOCOLATE

"melts in the mouth."

PRICE LIST FREE.

RAINCOAT 4/6



deposit and 4/6 monthly on simple terms. Lady's Raincoat in Blue or Brown. Check lining. 44 to 48 in. length. Price 5/6. on any terms 4/6 monthly. or as illustrated in fashionable plain cloth. Guaranteed Crayonette. Underneath in our overcoat material. Price 6/6. on any terms 5/6 deposit and 4/6 monthly. or as illustrated in our latest design. Check lining. 44 to 48 in. length. Price 5/6. on any terms 4/6 monthly. or as illustrated in our latest design. Check lining. 44 to 48 in. length. Price 5/6. on any terms 4/6 monthly.

PRICE LIST FREE.

JUNO BRITISH MADE BABY CARS



GUARANTEE Our 45 years' reputation. Write for Colored Brochure No. 1. FREE on request.

NEW MODELS FROM 23/6 or 10 monthly payments of 6/6. THE "JUNO" CASH 25/6 or 10 monthly payments of 6/6. CASH PAID. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS Co., Ltd., 24, Abchurch Lane, E.C.4

DARE I MARRY?

Those who have at any time suffered from Venereal Disease should consult a doctor before marriage. This can be done at the nearest Hospital Clinic. If you do not know the address apply to the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Disease, 102, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, from whom can also be obtained free information in strict confidence. Everyone should possess the "Wellness Library" (7 books on social subjects). Is. 3d. the set, post free.

FREE TRIAL OFFER



Test this NEW PARAFFIN LIGHT at home for 10 days FREE

Is the Aladdin really such a wonderful lamp? Is the light as white and steady as the advertisements say? Does it actually cost less than a farthing an hour? Is it absolutely safe, clean and noiseless?

You can clear your mind entirely of all doubts about these points if you take advantage now of the ten days' free trial we offer you, entirely at our expense.

To buy and pay for a lamp on the bare assurance of its makers that it is "unbeatable" and "perfect" is a costly process.

To get an Aladdin Paraffin Mantle Lamp into your home is to prove by test that our claims for it are in no degree exaggerated. That test costs you nothing, because if you do not like the lamp we pay the return postage. Write to-day.



All styles of lamps for cottage or mansion. Six shades for lighting of every description.

5000 REWARD will be given to anyone showing us a lamp equal to the Aladdin in every way. Full details of offer given in our circular. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

The Aladdin Mantle Lamp burns common paraffin. It radiates 60 candle power pure, soft, white light. It lights at the wick like an ordinary lamp. No noise. No smoke. No smell. No pumping up—cannot explode. Simple to use, nothing to get out of order. Extremely economical because it burns 94 per cent. air.

50 TRIALERS WANTED to demonstrate the Aladdin in territory where oil lamps are used. Experience unnecessary. Let us show you how to earn £100 a month. Write quickly for territory and samples.

GET YOURS FREE We want one user in each locality to whom customers can be referred. In that way you may get your own without cost. Write immediately for 10 days' free trial.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES LTD., 64, Abchurch Lane, 136, Southwark St., London, S.E.1.

Last Few Weeks £1,000 for 1/-

THE GREAT ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL COMPETITION

IS NOW DRAWING TO A CLOSE. If you have got off buying tickets, secure them NOW. Don't leave it to a last-minute rush. The objects of this Competition are the Completion of the New Hospital Building and War on Disease. The research laboratory attached to the Hospital recently achieved the distinction of discovering

TWO NEW GERMS

Extract from DAILY MAIL, 3/7/23. THE PRIZE ON THE ROAD OF MEDICAL RESEARCH. "Science and industry are not enough; to fight germs and bacteria, you must have money." In these words the Prince of Wales emphasized the need of support for medical research.

MAKE IT YOUR DUTY TO BUY YOUR TICKETS TO-DAY. The cause is a national one, and should be supported by all.

95 Substantial Prizes

are to be won. The Competition is a simple one and within the scope of everyone.

Tickets 1/- each

PRIZES:

Prize Money awarded with the donors of the Fund.

1st -	£1,000
2nd -	£500
3rd -	£250
4th -	£100
5th -	£50
20 of	£10
50 of	£5

If you prefer to know how to obtain tickets to send to your friends, we will send a book of ten together with ONE FREE TICKET on receipt of 10/-, and your contribution to the cause. Complete and full details of offer given in our circular. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL FUND, 71, Northampton St., London, W.1.

The Truth about Birth Control

Did you read Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article in "John Bull," Sept. 8?

Mr. Gardiner said: "I am driven to the conclusion that the moral aspect of birth restriction is profoundly changed. No moral wrong seems comparable with that of 'bringing into the world children who can never have a chance, and who are condemned to disease and squalor from the cradle to the grave. It is a wrong to them, and it is a wrong to society, which is impoverished and weakened by the drain of this inefficient, unhealthy life.'"

"SANITY AND DISCRIMINATION IN THE CONTROL OF PARENTHOOD"

is a book for married people and those about to marry. It is written in plain, simple language and is published to give definite information to working-class parents. It is sent in plain sealed cover for 2/6 post free, and the address is: Secretary, "C" Clinic, 11, Flaxton Lane, London, E.C. It is only sent to married people and those about to marry. State which when writing.

FREE—FREE—FREE ADVERTISING OFFER

Over 2,000,000 now in use.

**50 SHAVES
WITH ONE BLADE**



To every purchaser of 1 doz. NIBBO blades during September, October and November at 2/6 per doz., we are giving away 1 doz. free—making 3 doz. for 2/6 post free.
These blades will shave any Gillette Pattern razor. Three of many uncollected testimonials:—
"I find them twice as good as what I have been paying twice the money for."
"50 shaves with one blade and still as good as new."
"I duly received the razor blade, and find them very satisfactory. I enclose another 2/6 for a further dozen."
Enquiries from the trade invited.

J.V. Nicoll & Co., 'J.B.' 14, Dale St., Liverpool.
Sole distributors in the United Kingdom.

GRAVES

The best Genuine English Lever obtainable—a timepiece you can always depend upon.



**Send for FREE Sample
of VEGETINE PILLS**

They are equally good for men and women in restoring health and giving clear complexion. Many leading actresses owe their beauty to Vegetine. The free sample we send you will start your Beauty Course.

DAVID MACQUEEN & Co., Ltd., Dundee, Scotland.

RHEUMATISM CURED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY.

"My RHEUMATISM has completely gone."

I, Aggie St., Birkenhead. Dear Sir.—I contracted a severe attack of Rheumatism. It became so painful that it was impossible to use the necessary posture illustrating my case. I tried several remedies without obtaining relief until I was recommended Urace. I cannot speak too highly of the benefits received. The Rheumatism has completely gone. I shall always recommend it to my brother and sister-in-law. Yours sincerely, Lena Carroll, Comedian.

**RHEUMATISM
CURED AFTER
FORTY YEARS
SUFFERING.**

Tunbridge Wells, Kent. Dear Sir.—I am a young man again after taking three boxes of "Urace." I am 30 years old and have had Rheumatism and Sciatica for 40 years, but can now walk about without any pain. I have told my friends how "Urace" has cured me, and consider "Urace" the best remedy ever invented. Yours truly, H. S. Bener.

URACE DISSOLVES AND DRIVES OUT URIC ACID
URACE, and URACE alone, can cure rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels the uric acid from the system, and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES, and CURES QUICKLY.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box
From Boots (500 Branches), Timothy White Co., Tanners', Salford's, Whittaker's, Harrod's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, 75, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

**URACE
TABLETS**

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR Gouty Grains, Rheumatic Pains, Neuritic Stiffness, Kidney Trouble, and all conditions of uric acid.

WHEN WINTER COMES

Warm Hearts may Brighten Cold Hearths

THE setting back of the clocks which marks the departure of official "Summer" time brings us with startling suddenness to the long, dark, chilly evenings that are the first presage of approaching Winter.

To most people the shortening of the days is not wholly unwelcome, for they have visions of pleasant hours to be spent around a cheerful hearth in happy family reunions and neighbourly hospitality, with all the comforts that have done so much to endear home-life to the British people.

To many—and all too many, alas!—the coming of Winter must be regarded with dread as the entrance into a dark Valley of Shadow through whose terrible gloom their vision cannot pierce to the Land of Spring which lies beyond.

We are deeply concerned for the welfare of many thousands over whose homes hover the shadows of poverty and unemployment. We have vivid recollections of the terrible distress which we were called upon to relieve last Winter, and there is every indication that the suffering in the coming season may be even more severe.

We remember cases of families who lay shivering night after night without blankets or anything else worthy of being called bed-clothes to warm their emaciated bodies, who trudged in

search of work day after day clad in rags with empty bellies and despairing hearts. There were some who were actually homeless, and slept under the stars in bitter frost. Others counted themselves fortunate to be able to live in some old cart or caravan, or find shelter from the snow in sheds and even pigsties.

We must prepare for an increasing amount of want and destitution. There are signs that the claims upon "The Greatest of These—" Fund during the coming months will be far more numerous than we are at present able to meet. It is for this reason that we venture thus early to ask our readers to bear in mind the unfortunate ones to whom the problem of living through the Winter is such a fearful anxiety.

When you draw the blinds before sitting down in the warmth and comfort of the family fireside, do not, as you shut out the dark, shut out from your hearts all thought of the cold and cheerless hearths that exist probably within a stone's throw of your own home. When you have supped, let the glow of contentment which spreads over you remind you of the starving families who suffer in dumb misery and despair. Let the warmth of your hearts brighten these cheerless hearths when Winter comes.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL WAR SUFFERERS' FUND. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 11, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.) Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Trial Ninth" (Newark), 10d.; J. T. S., 4d.; "Change of Luck," 1s. 2d.; "Mickey," 6d.; "Old Brigade," 3d.; "A Ninth," 3d.; "Hopeful Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "A Wellwisher," 2s. 6d.; "One Ninth," 1s. 2d.; C. T., 1s.; "Signor Meivce," 1s. 6d.; "Melton Cottage," 2s. 3d.; "Betty" (Jarrow), 1s. 6d.; "Ovoidne," 2s.; E. D. (Bournemouth), 5s.; "Durham," 1s. 1d.; R. C., 6d.; E. H. M. (Southsea), 1s.; "Rhyt," 1s.; "Shepton," 1s. 3d.; A. M. Bruce, 1s. 4d.; "Hopeful" (Bournemouth), 2s. 6d.; "Hopeful" (Aldershot), 10s.; "Mig," 4s. 2d.; "The Ninth," 1s. 3d.; John Wood, 1s.; C. E. Sexton, 1s.; W. Hoff, 1s.; "Northampton," 1s.; R. C. Cope, 1s.; J. Hutchins, 1s.; Preston, 2s.; Mrs. H. Bradbury, 2s. 6d.; W. Martin, 7d.; R. Garner, 2s.; "Katie," 2s. 3d.; "Fasankley," 6d.; "Tubby," 1s. 2d.; Mrs. E. Bayner, 5d.; "Aboyne," 1s. 6d.; "London, E.C.," 6d.; "East Ham, E.A.," 6d.; "Temmie," 1s.; R. W. K., 1s. 5d.; "My Last Hope" (T. P.), 3d.; "Unhappy Wife," 1s.; E. J. W., 1s.; "George," 6d.; Mrs. L. H., 1s.; "Artie Jay's Ninth," 6d.; "Death or Glory's Ninth," 1s.; "Very Poor," 6d.; "First Ninth," 6d.; "A Scotty's Ninth," 2s. 6d.; "Short Skirts," 4d.; A. M. L. (Grange-mouth), 2s. 1d.; "Scottie" (Swansea), 2s. 3d.; N. O., 6d.; "Unemployed Moulder," 10d.; "Nagrud" (Derby), 1s. 6d.; "Nudebar," 1s. 1d.; "Scrubber's Ninth," 6d.; H. (Huddersfield), 7s. 1d.; "Unlucky Flo," 1s. 2d.; "Welsh Boy," 2d.; "Walton-on-the-Naze," 2s. 6d.; "Hard Up's Ninth," 6d.; "London, E.C.," 6d.; "One Ninth Portion," 1s.; "Lucky Ninth," 6d.; "Norvic," 10d.; "A Ninth From Unlucky," 2s.; "Westwick," 6d.; L. J. W., 6d.; E. and C. Richards, 1s.; K. McC., 1s. 6d.; "Bexley Heath," 1s. 7d.; "Toby," 6d.; A. J. Willis, 1s. 6d.; W. Parker, 1s.; F. B. H. (Tobago), 7s. 11d.; "Kelle," 4d.; L. P., 1s.; "Tishy," 1s. 2d.; "Maddy's Ninth," 10d.; J. B. (Bucks), 10d.; "Londy Mother," 2s. 6d.; A. G., 6d.; "Pokit-Ninth," 3d.; "Mary, Dorrie and Elsie" (Greenwich), 1s. 1d.; "Believer," 11s. 6d.; J. W. R., 2s. 6d.; "K.Y.Z.," 1s. 1d.; "Please Accept," 1s. 1d.; Mrs. McKernan, 6d.; "Very Unlucky," 1s.; "A Ninth from Lew," 6d.; "Coppell," 2s.; "Lucky Man," 1s. 3d.; "Mother of Seven," 3d.; "Aylmer" (Mansfield Road), 10s.; "Girle," 3d.; "Windleham Mother," 7s.; "Ks-Welch Guard," 6d.; "Luck Seekers," 6d.; "Out of Work," 6d.; "Nil Desperandum," 3d.; "Bewley," 6d.; Y. E. R. A., 7d.; "Still Unlucky," 10d.; M. Clark, 11d.; "For Luck," 1s. 4d.; "Carl," 3d.; Mrs. Gregory, 6d.; F. Wild, 4d.; "Good Hearted," 7d.; "Ulverston," 6d.; "Kangy," 1s. 1d.; "Three Ninths," 2s.; "Granite," 6d.; "Donnie Bay," 1s. 5d.; "Prizeless Bulleter," 10d.; R. A. W., 6d.; "Schoolgirl," 6d.; "Dis-abled Soldier's Ninth," 1s.; Mrs. Boyes, 1s. 2d.; "Dry Toast," 4d.; R. P. W., 1s. 2d.; "First Ninth," 2d.; W. Herbert, 1s.; "Worried" (Rochdale), 10d.; "Hopeful Three," 3d.; "One who has been unemployed for a year," 3d.; T. G. A., 2s. 6d.; "My Ninth" (Edinburgh), 1s. 6d.; "Our Ninth" (Haughley), 1s. 6d.; "Lucky Lary" (Nottingham), 10s. (Many acknowledgments unavailably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

100 Prize-winners of 6d!

(Continued from page 27.)

A. W. 11; Mrs. E. Bay, Coalbrookdale, Peach Rd., Cuddington-on-War; Miss M. Sherwood, 25, Rectory Rd., Ipswich; W. L. Shepherd, North View, East Preston, Littlehampton; J. A. Shield, 11, Blackburn Rd., Worthing; Miss J. Skinner, 9, Monmouth Avenue, Walsley, Sheffield; F. L. Smith, 16, Leominster Rd., Walsley, Cheshire; G. Smith, Fairfield, Carlton, Nottingham; Stark, 217, High St., Southcote, Lincs.; E. A. Stone, 2, North St., Wellington, Devon; W. R. Sunderland, 75, St. Horton Rd., Bradford; A. Taylor, Marchwood Villa, Freemantle, Southampton; C. Thompson, 50, Aldridge Rd., Birmingham; W. Tibbs, 2, Laurel Cottages, Farnham, Surrey; B. Titterton, 44, London Rd., Newcastle-upon-Tyne; H. Toyn, 16, Lower Tudd St., Heywood, Lancs.; Mrs. E. Toole, 52, Kilmuir St., Bedford; A. E. Towle, 16, St. Michael's Rd., Louth, Lincs.; J. Treherne, 50, Stepping Place, Llandilly, P. Treman, Abbey Cottage, Rhadfan, Rhyl; T. V. Truett, 54, Nutford Place, Edgware Rd., W.1.; Mrs. W. A. Varber, 27, Wharton St., W.C.1.; H. Wade, 2, Turner Rd., Leicester; Mrs. C. Watson, 55, High St., Bentley, Doncaster; A. Wilson, 22, Kelvin St., N.W., Glasgow; E. Wilson, 42, Moorland Rd., Portsmouth; E. W. W. The North, Bookings Rd., Clacton-on-Sea; J. K. Weller, 44, Club Garden Rd., Shildon; W. Woodruff, 22, Monson Rd., Redhill, Surrey.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISING GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one month from the date of original purchase, if such is more within one month from the date of this issue.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 30 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Boller when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 15 years." Mr. H. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalke, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalke by sending 6d. in stamps or P.O. to John Hall, Brittain, Ltd., 4, Percy Street (53 A.S.), London, W.1.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is your own fault.

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance on trial. If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the velvet soft Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the soft rubber automatic air-cushion of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS** always.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be hundreds whose condition was identical with yours. Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for you?



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 90, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon TO-DAY.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.
(1763W) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name

Address

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